

MISCELLANIES,

I N

PROSE and VERSE,

CONSISTING OF

ESSAYS,
ABSTRACTS,
ORIGINAL POEMS,
LETTERS,
TALES,



TRANSLATIONS,
PANEGYRICKS,
EPIGRAMS,
AND
EPITAPHS.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis, hic aliter non fit AVITE, Liber.*

Things good, Things bad, Things middling, when
you look,

You'll find to constitute, my Friends, This *Book*.

MARTIAL.

By *EMANUEL COLLINS*, A. B.

Late of WADHAM COLLEGE, OXON.

B R I S T O L :

Printed by E. FARLEY, in SMALL-STREET.

M DCC LXII.

MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE and VERSE

CONSISTING OF

TRANSLATIONS

FRANÇOIS

FROM

AND

ETIQUETTE



6.45.30

843

BY EMANUEL GOLDSCHMIDT, A.B.

Late of William College, OXON.

BRISTOL:

Printed by E. FAIRLEY in Small-8vo.

MDCCLXXI.



DEDICATION.

T O
WILLIAM MERRICK, Esq;

Deputy Lieutenant, Justice of the Peace, and
Captain of the Militia for the County of
GLOCESTER.

Worthy Sir,

I T is some few Years since, I was so
fortunate as to come acquainted with
you, but the Commencement I ever
shall gratefully remember, as long as I live.
Then you was only a private Gentleman, and

A

tho' you had not the same Power of being gracious as you now have, the same noble Disposition ever appear'd in you, the Effect of which I even then was very sensible of; and now, Sir, as you justly share in the Honours of your Country, and enjoy some of its publick Offices, I can but here publickly thank you for the many tender Instances I have receiv'd of your Friendship, and as my Acknowledgement is sincere, I hope you will accept it.

I shall not here, in the Manner of begging Dedications, draw up a fulsome Inventory of your Excellencies, no, I scorn it, and I know you would *me*, for such a Prostitution: But as I write to a Man, I'm determin'd to write like one, for if these Excellencies which make up a Good Man, are not also to be found in your Life, it will be of no Service to see them here; nay this very epistolary Address wou'd lose its Name, and become a Satyr: yet without Flattery I may say,

that I am pleas'd with your good FORTUNE, and tho' *she* never call'd at my Door, I'm glad *she* has at my Friend's. Nay, I can now more than half forgive her for the Neglect; yet think by her calling in at your pleasant Seat, we shall lose two Proverbs by the Bargain, of great Antiquity: It will be no more said that *she* is blind, or a *Patroness* of the Weak: Yet, Sir, Riches and Honours have their Inconveniences, for 'tis the Successful in particular, that are plagued with Addresses of this Kind, which the *many* are sure to escape, but *you* cannot; nor is this the only Time you will be called upon on the like Occasion.

---- *Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia.*

If I have any Foresight, any Knowledge, of what will happen, and tho' this be the common Tax of Superiority, yet the pleasing Complements you must receive from your Friends, on your

happy Elevation, must in some Measure counter-balance your Trouble. Among the many, no Man, I imagine, has so much Reason to be pleased as I. That your Dignities may increase, and that you may, in the Words of the Prince of Poets,

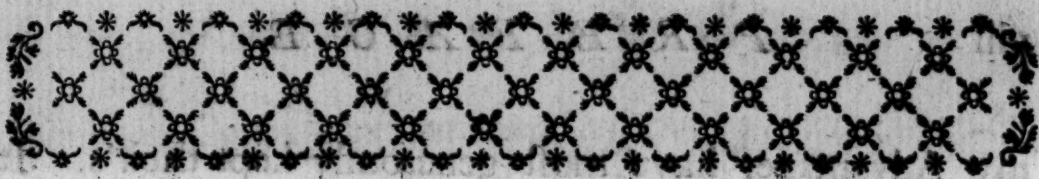
Long bear your blushing Honours thick upon you,

Is the most ardent Wish of

Your devoted Friend,

And humble Servant,

EMANUEL COLLINS.



THE

P R E F A C E.



GENTLE READER,

THAT Man is not born, that has a more
T humble Opinion of these Sheets than I have:
Perhaps you will say then, why do they come
abroad. I answer they were liked by my Friends;
were repeated to them, in our joyous Hours; who, in
the Fullness of their Hearts, insisted on it, that I should
print them by Subscription; and that they would shew
themselves in my Behalf most chearful.

I could not withstand their Sollicitations, I promised,
and kept my Word; and they, to their Honour, and

my Advantage, have most generously kept their's. It matters little to say, that the World is crowded with Volumes of this Kind, and much superior to these Fragments of mine. I freely own it. But it may not always be pleasing to dine upon high Meals and made Dishes; no, sometimes a Bit in a poor Cottage, may have the happier Relish. How often is it, that the same delicate Ear that can be charm'd with the inimitable Strains of a PINTO, or a MARTINI, can, in his Turn, be pleas'd with the Twangdillows of poor Crowdero in a Country Fair: For the Meanness of the Performance does not always make the Artist ridiculous, but when he attempts Things out of his Power. That is, when he drops his CROWD, and foolishly takes up the first Fiddle. *Non omnibus canto.* I do this only to divert my particular Friends, and if they are pleas'd, I am happy, my End is well answer'd: However, as MARTIAL says, *perhaps there may be some few good Things amongst them:* and some modern Writers may keep, me as it were in Countenance; for as HORACE says, *Quoddam est prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.*—And SHAKESPEAR, greatly to my Comfort, observes, that, *Not to be the worst of all, stands in some Degree of Praise.* For I never dreamt of assuming the Reputation of a Poet, tho' from my *Madrigals* and *humble Sonnets*, my honest, and

affectionate Countrymen in *Somersetshire*, have kindly given me that Title; yet with Humility and Gratitude I decline the Honour, nor stick one Sprig of Bays in my Hair, upon this Performance, but say to them, as *Lycidas* did to his Brother Shepherds in *VIRGIL*.

————— *me quoq; dicunt*

Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis.

But I question not but some sower, illnatur'd Critick will say, that my Vanity to be thought an Author, has induced me to come upon the Publick Stage of Life,— And that the World would do me Justice, should they treat me as the Greeks did the poor Wretch who, without knowing how ill he was qualified, presented himself upon the Stage of *Athens*; but I hope I shall obviate his Illnature, by a Translation of the Fable, and clear myself. He intruded; but I am push'd on by my Friends.

CROWDERO, happy in his Airs,
 With Head aside, to Country Fairs
 And Wakes, still travell'd up and down,
 But never came anigh a Town,
 So heard no Fiddle but his own.
 The Swains were only his Delight,
 Who to his Viol danc'd the Night;

}

P R E F A C E.

And, to divert the rural Throng,
 He to his Strings could add a Song.
 This made his Name, and Money rise,
 For the *Louts* prais'd him, to the Skies.
 Their Praises turn *Crowdero's* Head,
 Who by Ambition blindly led
 Disdains the Audience, which, too late,
 Had made him rich, and made him great.
 Elate, to *Athens* now he goes,
Athens, the Source of all his Woes.
 Unhappy that he ever came
 In Chase of Fortune, or of Fame.

Full of Himself, the Coxcomb cries,
 My Strains you'll hear, with vast Surprise:
 Here's ORPHEUS, with his Maidens nine,
 You'll find it new, and quite as fine.
 But oh! he ill abides these Vaunts,
 Unheard he crowds, unheard he chaunts,
 The Stage too spacious far he found,
 He strain'd in vain, for all was drown'd:
 Too late he wish'd he ever came
 In Chase of Fortune or of Fame.
 Curses the Day that he presum'd,
 And sneaking, quits the Stage, deplum'd;

Yet half his Word he kept, 'tis true,
If not quite fine, it was quite New.

Now if it is objected to the *Fatal Dream*, or, *The Unhappy Favourite*, that it wants Delicacy, pray let it be pleaded in my Behalf, that HORACE, who lived in the happy, and polite Reign of *Augustus*, when the Court of *Rome* was in its meridian Glory, and the *Belle Letters* carried to the highest Refinement; I say, when that Noble Poet, and just Critick wrote (who has deliver'd down to us the best Rules for Writing) has given us a Dream much more exceptionable than mine; when that is remember'd, I hope, the seeming Faults of mine will be forgot.

But, more than, Gentle Reader, I must beg your Pardon whilst I make one Apology here, and that is, for the satirical Tale of the *Tennis Court*, wrote in humble Imitation of Mr. OLDHAM. This Gentleman's Satyrs, notwithstanding his Verse, seems unpolish'd, and his Cadence unmusical, yet he will be read by Judges, whilst *Wit* and good *Sense* shall have their Favourers.—The great Mr. DRYDEN, who wanted neither, had a very exalted Opinion of his manly and strong Method of Writing; and upon his Death wrote an Elegy in the most tender Manner. And,

"Happy the Poet, bless'd the Lays,
 "Which DRYDEN condescends to praise."

Now sit down good-naturedly; to the little Repast I have provided, and if there is any thing that is relishable, I shall be pleased; if not, I shall naturally conclude, that either you have a bad Palate, or that I am a very ill Cook.



But more than all, I beg your Pardon will be read by Judges, his Cadence unmetrical, and notwithstanding it seems unpolished, and the satirical Tale of the Gentleman's Son, Imitation of Mr. Dryden, who wanted neither, had a very excited Opinion of his manly and strong Method of Writing; and upon his Death wrote an Elegy in the most tender Manner. And



MISCELLANIES

I N

PROSE AND VERSE.

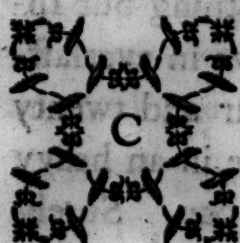


To Mr. WILLIS,*

On his surprising Command of HAND, and FAIR WRITING,

— *sibi quivis*

*Speret idem ; sudet multum, frustraue laboret
Ausus idem.*



HARM'D with the Truths, and Freedom of
thy Pen,

C

I take mine up—but lay it down again.

Thy Ease, thy Ornaments in every Line,

Make me despair of painting it in mine :

The arduous Task I will attempt no more,

And what I can't express, give fairly o'er.

B

* Late Master of ORCHARD-SCHOOL, in DORSETSHIRE.

And yet all this seems done with so much Ease,
 Each Coxcomb says, he'll beat it when he please;
 But oh in vain they think the same to do,
 They hope, they strive, they sweat,—they miss it too,
 Fruitless they wish the same Success to gain,
 They'll find their Labour and their Hopes are vain.
 Not but some other Masters of the Quill,
 Have to our former Ages shewn their Skill;
Snell, Clarke, and Champion, may the Bays assume,
 But *Willis*, something more should grace thy Plume!
 With Elegance their happy Lines they dress'd;
 That Elegance has *Bickham* well express'd.
 But here he'll lavish all that Skill of his,
 And make himself immortal in each Piece.

XX

To Mr. ^{*Cranfield Becher*} C-----B-----.

DEAR SIR,

I Have so happy a Memory that I forget nothing but In-
 juries, but the Favour of my Friends I have in everlast-
 ing Remembrance: As for Instance, about four and twenty
 Years ago, I became Bail for an Acquaintance in an heavy
 Sum; but that, and the Cost, I was obliged to pay. Surely
 this was unwarily done by me, and I am afraid, you will
 laughingly say, unwittingly too. I acknowledge it; for
 this so reduced my Finances, that I had not a single Shilling
 for myself or my Child: No Silver in my Pocket, but
 that of a large Medal, struck at the Coronation of King

William and *Queen Mary*; this the Silver-Smith weigh'd,
 but would give no more than four Shillings for it. The
 principal Figures, which were finely reliev'd, appear'd bold
 and beautiful. It vex'd me to part with it at so poor a
 Price; with the following Verses I sent it you, my quondam
 School-fellow and my present Friend; you shew'd both to
 your Father, who generously, and chymically, turn'd my Sil-
 ver into Gold, by sending me, in the Place of it, a Portugal
 Piece of the same Dimensions, and the kind Hand that holds
 this Letter, gave it to me in the *College-Green*. Perhaps you
 may forget this with other good-natur'd Things which you
 have done, but I never shall, as I have observ'd above: For
 tho' two Dozen Years have interven'd, and I had no foul
 Copy, I am sensible that the Transcript from my Brain is just.
 Now, Sir, if you approve of this, as it were, extempore Per-
 formance unalter'd, it shall have a Place in my Miscellanies,
 otherwise, it shall never be transcrib'd again, by the Hand of
 your humble Servant.

THY Elegy I *William* sing,
 No longer thou must be my King,
 No more with Pleasure view thy Head,
 But truck thy Silver Hairs for Bread.

Thy Regal Pomp, thy shining Shew
 Insults my Want, derides my Woe;
 What though here smiles the Royal Bride,
 Tho' Bishops swell the other Side;
 Believe me, Sir, not all the three
 Will dine my Child, or breakfast me,

Unless by *Mansfield's* curious Scale,
 I offer all the three to Sale.
 Then must this Medal take its Lot,
 In common in the Melting Pot?
 And he that once adorn'd the Crown,
 May deck the Heel of Knave or Clown.
 In Pity then to *England's* King,
 Don't suffer, *Gr-nf--ld*, such a Thing;
 At your own Price the Medal take,
 Redeem it for brave *William's* Sake:
 Then hence it justly shall be said,
 'Twas you, Sir, sav'd great *William's* Head.



On a favourite D O G, named D O N.

C O M E Muses, if you love the Glade,
 Where fearful Hares their Forms have made;
 Come, if ye like the Woodland Groves,
 Whose deep Retreat the Pheasant loves;
 Or court the Woodcock's bubbling Spring,
 Come teach a Voice untun'd to sing,
 To give departed *Don* his Due,
 Who lov'd these Haunts as well as you.
 If Beauty could delight your Eye,
 One handsomer could never die;
 If to fine Parts you Praises give,
 One more sagacious ne'er did live.

Ah what avails to take the Gun,
 And toil the Day now thou art gone!
 The Hare now lays aside her Fears,
 Erect no more her list'ning Ears!
 The numerous founding Covey now,
 Lie silent and unmov'd as thou!
 The Cock unmark'd now roves at large,
 Nor fears fly *Crego's fatal Charge;
 The Pheasants too unsprung remain,
 Whilst Hunters beat the Woods in vain;
 The Coot and Moor-hen shew their Head,
 And dive no more, for *Don* is dead;
 Because that thou art under Ground,
 No more they're under Water found.
 Ye Swains around his Grave resort,
 And mourn poor *Don*, who shew'd you Sport.
 Ye Cits! that level Guns in vain,
 Tho scoff'd, by the unnerring Swain,
 Lament poor *Don*, who sprung your Game,
 'Twas not his Fault you miss'd your Aim.
 But chiefly thou whose fatal Hand,
 Of Birds does sweep our plenteous Land;
 Whose Tube no Fowl could ever shun,
 Nor is Death surer than thy Gun,
 Awhile thy busy Books forego,
 In grateful Sighs express thy Woe,
 Nor blush to drop a Sportsman's Tear,
 O'er *Don*, thy faithful *Don*, that's here.

* A Gentleman of CHEW-MAGNA, who shot very well.



To Mrs. MARY COLLINS.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,

NOTWITHSTANDING I have dedicated this Volume in general to my kindest and most worthy Friend, yet with this Abstract of the poor Queen, I pleasing address you, as I have heard you, with Judgment and Impartiality, pity her *Majesty* in *Misery*: And as the little Piece or Miniature was drawn at your Request, may you accept the Picture.

Ad Mariam Illustrissimam Scotorum Reginam,

Georgii Buchanani Epigramma.

*NYMPHA, Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter oræ
 Missa per innumeros Sceptra tueris avos :
 Quæ Sortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos,
 Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus :
 Accipe (sed facilis) cultu donata Latino
 Carmina, fatidici nobile regis opus.
 Illa quidem, Cyrrha procul & Permesside lympba,
 Pæne sub Arctoi fidere nata poli :
 Non tamen ausus eram male natum exponere fatum
 Ne mihi displiceant, quæ placuere tibi.
 Nam quod ab ingenio domini sperare nequibant,
 Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo.*

ACCEPT illustrious Queen your Poet's Lay,
 And with one grateful Smile his Toils o'erpay.

Thou who so greatly art descended down
 From earliest Ancestors to *Scotia's* Crown;
 Whose Merit does thy noble Birth outshine,
 Whose Virtues far excel those Years of thine,
 Whose daring Soul, whose Nobleness of Mind,
 In all thy Sex, will ne'er an Equal find.
 Hear Royal Maid! Oh listen whilst I sing
 In *Latian* Odes, the Song of *Judab's* King:
 Tho' far from *Helicon's*, thy Poet's Stream
 In *Northern* Snows, I dare the awful Theme.
 I must succeed, if my good Queen approves,
 I'll execute with Fire what *Mary* loves;
 Tho' low, tho' mean, my native Genius be,
 'Tis great, 'tis daring, when inspir'd by thee.

Thus sung *Buchanan*, the great, the impious Poet of the
Scotch, a most surprising Genius, remarkable (and will be
 to all Ages remarkable) for his Learning, his Wit, and his
 Ingratitude; who after he had said these fine Things to his
 Queen, in her Prosperity, not only forsook her in her Ad-
 versity, but by his poisonous Writings, inflam'd his infatu-
 ated Countrymen, against his Sovereign whilst living, and
 by his most infamous History, blasphemed her unblemish'd
 Honour, when dead. Alas! poor Rose of *Yarrow*! that
 so fair a Queen should have so foul an Herald! how melan-
 choly is the Remembrance that a Princess, admir'd for the
 Qualities of her Mind, and ador'd for the Beauty of her Per-
 son, should be ignominiously executed on a Scaffold, for an
 incorroborated Charge of Treason, when she ought to have
 sat on the *British* Throne! this was the fatal End of *Mary*

Steward, who was so handsome, that it has been well observed even to this Day, among her Countrymen, that the Name of *Mary*, was only another Name for Beauty. But this wicked Wretch *George Buchanan*, was an abject Creature of the Earl of *Murray's*; (the unhappy Queen's profess'd Enemy) but such a Writer, so mercenary and so merciless, that the States of *Scotland*, justly condemned his Works, and order'd them to be burnt, as the learned *Camden*, an honest Historian, very well observes.

When her Son who was afterwards King *James* the First, implor'd Mercy for his Mother, her cruel Cousin *Elizabeth*, told *Pompe de Believre*, who solicited, but, vainly solicited, her Life in the Behalf of *France*, "That as the Heavens did
"not contain two Suns, so neither could *England* endure two
"Queens, or two Religions." This excellent Princess, was the most fortunate at one Time, and the most miserable at another. She was born as it were Phoenix-like from the Funeral of her Father, died in the forty-sixth Year of her Age, eighteen Years of which she had been a Prisoner in *England*: When she was an Infant, she was an Exile; she was a Wife without Joy, a Widow without Liberty, a Queen without Power, a Prisoner without Guilt, accused without Evidence, and murder'd without Proof.

Poor Royal *Scot*, thy Merit was thy Crime,
Thou *Pallas*, and thou *Venus* of thy Time,
Unhappy Time, tho' sev'n score years are fled,
Since the fell Axe depriv'd thee of thy Head;
My mournful Muse, shall shed a pitying Tear,
And with unfeigned Sorrows, bathe thy Bier.

HERE I was about to finish the sad History, but a Letter accidentally lying before me amidst many loose Papers, as it contributes to her Honour, tho' wrote to you more than five Years ago, I shall here give it Place.

DEAR MOLLY,

CHATSWORTH is the fine Seat of the Duke of *Devonshire*, deservedly stiled, one of the Wonders of the *Peak*; 'tis happily situated on the East of the River *Derwent*, about twenty Miles North of *Derby*, and fully atones for all the dreary Regions, lying round it. 'Twas here that unfortunate Princess, *Mary Queen of Scots*, was detained Prisoner, 'almost nineteen Years; and, tho' the House has been lately rebuilt, there is an Apartment still honour'd by her Name. Hard by are *Buxton Baths*, whose Waters are palatable, as well as salutary; these the unhappy royal Captive frequently visited, and coming away, cut with a Diamond on a Pane of Glass, the following prophetic Distich,

*Buxtona quæ calidæ celebrabere nomine Lymphæ,
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, Vale.*

Buxton, whose Fame thy Baths for ever tell,
Whom I perhaps, shall see no more, farewell.

THE polite Count *Tallard*, who was a Prisoner of War here for some Years, on his leaving *Chatsworth*, told his noble Host, When I return into my own Country again, and reckon up the Days of my Captivity, I shall leave out those that were spent at *Chatsworth*.

THE following Epigram was written by the same unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, and sent to her faithless Cousin Elizabeth, Queen of England, with a large Diamond cut in the Form of a Heart.

*Quod te jam pridem fruitur, videt & amat absens
Hæc pignus Cordis gemma, & Imago mei est.
Non est candidior, non est hæc purior illo
Quamvis dura magis, non mage firma tamen.*

This Gem behold, the Emblem of my Heart,
Whence my dear Cousin's Image ne'er shall part:
Clear is its Lustre, spotless does it shine,
As clear, as spotless is this Heart of mine:
Harder indeed is this fair Stone you see,
But firmer's that it represents to thee.

These Fragments *Molly*, wrote with Ease,
Though they're not fine, I know will please.
What please a Judge, with Verse not fine?
'Twill please my Maid, because 'tis mine.
Then let the snarling Critic say,
He'll write ten thousand such a Day:
If *Molly* writes but back one Line,
Approving these last Lays of mine,
Critics avaunt! I'll swear they're fine.





A Modern Encouragement to LEARNING.

Nil constabit patri minus quam filius.

A T A L E, in I M I T A T I O N of *Diogenes Laertius*.

T O M C L O D, a Yeoman of the *West*,

In various Circumstances blest :
 No Mildew ever touch'd his Wheat,
 His Orchard blew as white as Sheet ;
 Nor did his Oats or Barley fail,
 And his milch'd Cows o'erflow'd the Pail,
 With fourscore Acres of good Ground,
 As any lay for ten Miles round :
 Add to these Comforts of his Life,
Tom, had a special stirring Wife,
 But peaceable, beyond the common,
 A cleanly, comely, courteous Woman,
 Who bless'd his Bed with Children twain ;
 This Growth of Stock *Tom* thought no Gain.
 A grumbling, growling, greedy Elf,
 Begrudg'd what went besides himself,
 Oft wish'd the little Brats were dead,
 Lord, what they cost in Clothes and Bread !
 So, never added that of School,
 No, *Thomas* sure was no such Fool :
 Yet, in another Kind of Way,
 Thought Teachers might deserve their Pay ;

But it must be of Beasts, not Men,
 Whose Learning he might sell again :
Primmer,* for this made Sorrel leap,
 And *Crego*,* taught his Dog to creep ;
 Whilst his poor Son, untaught, untrain'd,
 In native Ignorance remain'd ;
 'Till *Hester*, wiser than her Man,
 Thus heavily her Complaint began,
 " Lord, *Thomas*, do but think of *Ned*,
 " We use him ill, when all is said ;
 " Full nineteen Years the Boy's been born,
 " Yet never through his Book of Horn ;
 " Don't breed him Husband quite a Fool,
 " In Pity, put the Boy to School ;
 " A learned Man is Master *White*,
 " He'll soon teach *Ned* to Read and Write."
 The Man consents, so said, so done,
 To Master *White*'s he takes his Son,
 Here doff'd his Hat, and dug his Head,
 Then cries, at last, " I've brought you *Ned* ;
 " And what d'ye think on't Master *White*,
 " D'ye think he'll learn to read and write,
 " To cypher, and to measure Land,
 " And tell, when ask'd, how much, nigh Hand,
 " Our Vessels hold, and this by Rule ?
 " Hold up thy Head, the Boy's no Fool,
 " And tho' he is but bare nineteen,
 " Why, Sir, no Razor is so keen."

* Gentlemen who keep celebrated Schools for those Kind of Animals.

Then pats the Booby on his Crown,
With "*Neddy*, why dost look so down?
" But Master *White*, your lowest Price,
" You know I hate to make a Noise;
" Amongst we understanding Men,
" One Word will do as well as Ten."
" *Ten Pounds* I'll have, quoth Master *John*,
" For less I'll not instruct your Son;
" *Ten Pounds*——and I shall earn it too,
" Why, Farmer, why dost look so blue?"
" *Ten Pounds*,——why, Zounds, you do but jest.
" *Ten Pounds*,——'twill buy a Yoke of Beasts!"
" Buy two more Beasts, wise Sir, says he,
" Then, Master *Clod*, you'll find you've THREE."



The Two Comical CLOWNS:

(From the *French*)

Or, The Account balanc'd.

ROBERT met *Richard* by the Way,
Who had been absent many a Day;
Quoth *Robert*, *Richard* how d'ye do
(Observing *Dick* look'd main and blue)
Since last we met, are Matters vary'd?
Oh wonderful! Why *Bob* I'm marry'd.
This is good News, *Bob*, laughing, cry'd;
Not quite so good, poor *Dick* reply'd.

Why, what's the Matter? Won't it do?

No, no, my Wife's a very Shrew.

That's bad.—But not beyond all Bounds,

With her I had Two Hundred Pounds.

That's well again.—No, Faith quoth Dick,

(As leaning on his crooked Stick)

I dealt in Sheep that had the Rot,

And every Ewe is gone to Pot.

That's worse again, quoth honest Bob,

Your Sheep turn'd out an ugly Job.

Nay, not so ugly, to the full

I made my Money of the Wool.

That's well again,—Troth not so well;

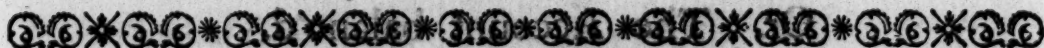
For what I did my Fleeces sell

I bought a Cottage, which was burn'd:

Thy Tables now are sadly turn'd.

Hold, not so sadly, in that Fire

Did my poor peaceful Wife expire.



Paulo majora canamus:

Or, The PARSON made JUSTICE of the PEACE.

FERRET, a Parson of Renown,

Who thrice a Day patrol'd the Town;

The Coffee-Houses Day and Night,

He haunted like a very Sprite;

St. *James's* never miss'd his Eye,
 And the *Gazette* was Prophecy ;
 These *Saturdays* he read from *Mondays*,
 And preach'd from them at Church on *Sundays*.
 Lean was this Doctor as a Reed,
 Ay, and as hollow too indeed ;
 Yet for the Court he seem'd so zealous,
 That Statesmen swore he had no Fellows,
 And to reward this Zeal of his,
 They made him *Justice of the Peace*.

Parson no more, his *Worship* now,
 And *John* must lengthen out his Bow.
John Postscript was lean *Ferret's* Clerk,
 A plump, a droll, a waggish Spark,
 A merry Man as ever spoke,
 And as his Heart he lov'd a Joke,
 Yet on Occasion, *John* could be
 As solemn as the dullest He :
 To him, thus *Ferret*, *John* d'ye know ?
 What, Sir, quoth he, and bowing low,
 That I'm a Justice made ? 'Tis true
 I heard from a malignant Blue,
 With many a *Jacobitish* Curse,
 Your *Worship* had a *DEDIMUS*.

Long may your *Worship* live, adds *John*,
 'Till old *Time's* lame with ambling on,
 Then hardly may your *Worship* die,
 And late, quite late, ascend the Sky.

Why, what's the Matter ? Won't it do ?

No, no, my Wife's a very Shrew.

That's bad.—But not beyond all Bounds,

With her I had Two Hundred Pounds.

That's well again.—No, Faith quoth Dick,

(As leaning on his crooked Stick)

I dealt in Sheep that had the Rot,

And every Ewe is gone to Pot.

That's worse again, quoth honest Bob,

Your Sheep turn'd out an ugly Job.

Nay, not so ugly, to the full

I made my Money of the Wool.

That's well again,—Truth not so well ;

For what I did my Fleeces sell

I bought a Cottage, which was burn'd :

Thy Tables now are sadly turn'd.

Hold, not so sadly, in that Fire

Did my poor peaceful Wife expire.



Paulo majora canamus :

Or, The PARSON made JUSTICE of the PEACE.

FERRET, a Parson of Renown,

Who thrice a Day patrol'd the Town ;

The Coffee-Houses Day and Night,

He haunted like a very Sprite ;

St. *James's* never miss'd his Eye,
 And the *Gazette* was Prophecy ;
 These *Saturdays* he read from *Mondays*,
 And preach'd from them at Church on *Sundays*.
 Lean was this Doctor as a Reed,
 Ay, and as hollow too indeed ;
 Yet for the Court he seem'd so zealous,
 That Statefmen swore he had no Fellows,
 And to reward this Zeal of his,
 They made him *Justice of the Peace*.

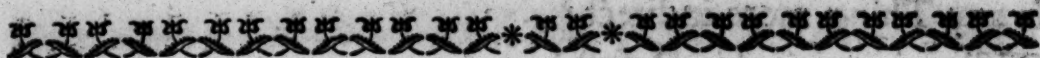
Parson no more, his *Worship* now,
 And *John* must lengthen out his Bow.
John Postscript was lean *Ferret's* Clerk,
 A plump, a droll, a waggish Spark,
 A merry Man as ever spoke,
 And as his Heart he lov'd a Joke,
 Yet on Occasion, *John* could be
 As solemn as the dullest He :
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 But Ceremony now aside,
 Your *Worship*, let me hear no more,
 But *John* and Master as before:
 Yet, when we meet in Company,
 Your *Worship* then, again, d'ye see.
John, you must know, was one of those,
 That had a bounteous Twang of Nose,
 A better Clerk was never born,
 As found, and loud as Hunter's Horn,
 And not unlike it in his Tone,
 Who then could rival such an one?

This Time, *John* nick'd most wond'rous nice,
 For *John* had thought on this Device:
 Never will I my Master greet
 'Till *Sunday* next, at Prayers we meet;
 Then in one Breath I'll let all know,
 How proudly Matters with him go.
 They met, they read, alternate on,
 This was by Master, That by *John*,
 'Till they came to the destin'd Place,
 Where with a puritanic Grace,
The Lord be with you, croak'd lean *Ferret*,
John twangs, *And with your Worship's Spirit*.





To Miss S---- F----y.

In that vile Hand of yours, how durst you again censure my writing crooked? Though my Advice has been lost upon you in Prose, I shall strive to reclaim you by the following Verses; the Hint from Æsop, that sage Athenian.

A CRAB, who ambled much askew,
 As you across your Paper do;
 Jagged, uneven, here and there,
 Now up, now down, now God knows where;
 Saw one, who sometimes might decline
 A little from a measured Line:
 Pertly the saucy She cried out
Jack Crab; is't thus, you crawl about?
 Each Thing, but you, still forward goes,
 You won't say, you pursue your Nose.
 Sure Eyes before did never see,
 So odd a Traveller as thee.
 I'm sorry, Cuz, to see you go,
 Like *Milton's* Light'ning to and fro,
 Always digressing from the Line,
 Like cold *Aquarius'* watry Sign,
 Walk straight, or you're no Kin of mine.

Her Cuz, then modestly reply'd;
 Observe, why don't you crawl aside?

D

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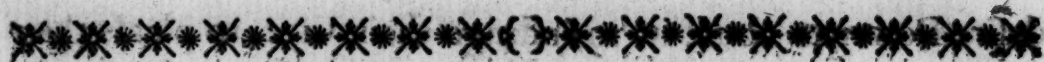
Is any Thing more indirect?
 Trifling in me is this Defect!
 Correct yourself, before you shew
 How 'tis that other Folks should go.



How happy are we in our ALLIES!

*Ob fortunatos, nimium, sua si bona norint,
 ANGLICANOS!*

FROM *Hesse*, and from *Hanover*, TROJANS came trooping;
 To cheer the poor *Englishmens'* Hearts, that were drooping,
 Their Guns were presented, their Swords were in Hand,
 And Woe to that *Frenchman* that offer'd to land!
 They drank up our Beer, and they eat up our Beef,
 And *deserv'd* it, no Doubt,—for such *timely Relief*.
 But alas, good ALLIES! see how sad th' Scene's chang'd,
 With these footy *Frenchmen* in *Germany* rang'd,
 Where now are those Swords? aye, and where are those Guns?
 Each TROJAN of *Hesse* and of *Hanover* r—u—n—s.
 Why stood you so *bravely* in *England* before?
 Because these damn'd *Frenchmen* were ne'er on our Shore.
 Had these bloody *Ruffians* but landed at *Dover*,
 You had curs'd th' ill *Winds* that had wasted you over.
 The Thing is as clear as the Sun at Noon Day,
 They that fought not at *Home*, had *Abroad*—r-a-n away.
 Hence forward ye TROJANS, beware how you roam;
 For CHARITY, mind it,—*begins still at Home*.



To Mr. I----- S-----,

(Written in 1755, soon after the Election for Members
to serve in Parliament, for the City of Bristol.)

Vir bonus, quod honeste se facturum putaverit, faciet, etiamsi laboriosum erit, faciet, etiamsi damnosum erit: faciet, etiamsi periculosum erit. Rursus quid turpe erit, non faciet, etiamsi pecuniam afferet, etiamsi Voluptatem, etiamsi potentiam. Ab honesto nulla re deterrebitur, ad turpica nulla Spe invitabitur.

THIS is Seneca's Definition of a GOOD MAN; and certainly he must be so, who dares to do whatsoever he is convinced within his own Heart, is RIGHT; whom no Toils can affright, no Disadvantage deter, no Dangers persuade from ACTING NOBLY, when the strong Allurements of Pleasure, Profit, nor Power, can bias to do ill; whom no Motion can avert from the rugged Paths of Honour, no Hope entice to the flowery Paths of Vice: The good Man's Soul can't be confin'd within the mean and narrow Bounds of his own private Concerns; no, his Heart is diffusive and generous, like the NILE, that overthrows its Banks to enrich the Soil, and throw Plenty into the Country. Goodness disposes Mankind to communicate Advantage to improve the World, and to make Power and Satisfaction more general.

Power is the general Wish both of Good and Bad, though they differ very much in the End and the Means. The latter

desire Power to abuse it, to indulge their Vice, to please their Pride, and to insult their Neighbours. The former, to raise the Fallen, to strengthen the Weak, to comfort the Wretched, and to make Mankind happy, that is within the Verge of his Influence. The good Man has no bye Ends to serve, nothing little, contracted, or self-centering about him; but as far as his Power will reach, is a Friend to the Human Species: It was a noble Saying of *Socrates*, and worthy of that great Philosopher; *That the World was his natal City, and Mankind his Fellow Denizens*: Happy is the PRINCE who can delegate his Power to such Subjects, and HAPPY in such Subjects will be the Application of delegated Power. These and these only, are the Magistrates that fill the Chair. Others look mean, little, and paltry, in it, even like a Dwarf in a Giant's Cloak: If a private Man does amiss, the Community is not so strongly affected by it, and his Fault is not so conspicuous; but when Men in Authority fall from the Pinnacle of Power, into the Lake of Disgrace, their Plunge is more fatal, and the Undulation of their Infamy, (if I may be allowed the Expression) of wider Extent.

Man can sink much below the Dignity of human Nature, and dishonour the Species he should adorn; but none can fall so low as those whom Title and Office have placed in superior Stations. These sometimes, from acting their Parts ill, become inferior to the very Dogs of the Chase, and the Brutes themselves that perish, become their Betters. This may be illustrated by a noble Wit of the last Century. I would not willingly do Injustice to so great an Author, but to the best of my Memory, these are his Lordship's Words:

Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain
 By surest Means the End, at which they strain:
 If therefore *Fowler* finds and kills a Hare,
 Better than *SHALLOW* fills the City Chair;
 Tho' one's a *MAYOR*, the other but a *Hound*,
Fowler in Justice would be wiser found.

How cautious, how circumspect then should they be who are set in Authority over us: Their Wish should be to oblige the World, and to make Happiness universal; to proportionate Station and Desert, and to put Virtue in a Post of Honour; and then as to the Means, no Suggestions of Interest, no Pretensions of Necessity, should make them quit their Duty, and disgrace their Office.

The worthy Rulers of our City, have ever distinguished themselves on this Account; but never more gloriously than during the Time of the last Election, when instead of insolently threatening the dependent Burgesses with the Rod of their Power, they greatly left each Citizen to his own Choice, and not a Burgess was governed by the Predestination of his Superiors, but, in Voting, as he is, in every other Act of Life, was, a free Agent.



The ATHEIST *in* a STORM.

SEE how the ATHEIST trembles! wond'rous Change!
 Whose Thoughts, were once, with Freedom us'd to range:
 No bugbear Judgment e'er disturb'd his Rest,
 Or fill'd with superstitious Fears his Breast;

His jovial Days perpetual Pleasures crown'd;
 And Mirth still follow'd as his Hours ran round.
 Whence then this sudden Change upon his Mind?
 Why does he tremble at the boist'rous Wind?
 What shake at one rough Blast! for Shame away
 With Doubts, which none but Coward Souls betray.
 Winds are but Atoms in Confusion hurl'd,
 Perhaps they'll settle and create a World.
 Aye there! that Thought, that certainly must raise
 His generous Fire within, and make it blaze:
 No, still he trembles; yet so strong his Fears,
 Plead that the Wind all outward Strength o'erbears;
 But that his Mind——his Mind shall never fail,
 Fix'd and unmov'd,——look'st thou then so pale?
 Or, have the Winds blown back the purple Stream,
 And stopp'd its Current thro' thy languid Frame?
 Yet if thou durst, here fix thee, on this Shore,
 And see those Billows rise, and hear them roar:
 Behold yon Vessel lab'ring in the Deep!
 Their Hold no more its rooted Anchors keep!
 Sport of the Winds, the undirected Sails
 Flow loose, nor ought the Pilot's Skill avails!
 See how the Seamen toil! how they are toss'd
 On yonder hideous Rock—they sink—they're lost!
 Why shakest thou? Is it strange? Then from the Flood
 Avert thine Eyes, and view yon tow'ring Wood!
 See that proud Oak, whose Roots as deep below
 Toward Hell descends, as does its Summit grow
 To Heav'n aloft; yet what avails its Strength,
 Its sturdy Girt proportion'd to its Length!

See how it wrestles with the Storm! in vain!
 Earth can no more its slacken'd Roots retain.
 Stand fast! it totters! bursts the lab'ring Ground!
 And falling spreads a dusty Whirlwind round!
 Again he trembles, faints, and dies away;
 And can an ATHEIST feel such sore Dismay!
 But hark—he groans once more, and groaning cries,
'Tis strange!—there doubtless is a God!—and dies.

To H----- W-----, Esq;

DEAR DOCTOR,

THESE Lines which Gratitude must send,
 My Child's Physician, and my Friend;
 Are come, by Way of setting forth
 Our Obligations, and your Worth.
 But Man, quoth you, the Matters o'er,
 I cur'd her; and I'll hear no more.
 I practise not for Fees, nor Fame;
 For thousands have I done the same:
 And to the suffering Sick is due
 The utmost that my Skill can do;
 For to reflect on Things like these
 (Than flattering Fame or golden Fees)
 Will yield us more substantial Bliss:
 I readily acknowledge this:
 But Sir, because you're good and kind;
 Must Tongues be dumb, and Eyes be blind?

I fee the daily Good you do,
 And I've a Tongue will speak it too.
 Offended, if this raise your Spleen,
 I'll print it in in the Magazine :
 Then shall the agued Sick be brought
 From *Truro*, and from *John O'Groat*,
 Nay, the whole Island round shall seek
 For Doctor W-LL--GHB-, of *Wyke*,
 And make more hammering at your Gate
 Than at prime Ministers of State :
 Therefore don't frown, nor stamp your Foot,
 I've vow'd to thank you, and I do't.



To Doctor W--DW--D.

MY Friend and Physician,
 I'm as bad as you'd wish one,
 My Body's much out of Repair;
 And as for my Mind,
 By this Letter you'll find,
 A general Chaos reigns there.

Dark, dark, as the Grave !
 Are the Ideas I have,
 But fly to my Aid, and 'twill follow;
 Each Malady's routed,
 No longer I'm gouted,
Et tu mihi magnus Apollo.



To Mr. R----- B-----.

Oh curas hominum! Quantum est in rebus inare. Pers.

NOT long ago list'ning in our Street, to the Walking Daily Advertiser (the *Bellman*,) I heard him after three Hems, and as many Strokes on his tinkling Cymbal, deliver, I presum'd from our supreme Magistrate, an Edict in a most solemn Monotony, to the following Purpose : *That whereas several scrupulous People—had lately refused—the Copper Coinage—of King WILLIAM—this was therefore—to acquaint them—they might take them—if they thought proper—but if not—why—they might let them alone—and so God save the King.* This merry Sort of Crying set the younger Folks a laughing, and that too most heartily; but as I am not of that Class, it had a quite different Effect on me, and flung me into the most serious Reflections, on the ever changing Heart of Man, or the Vicissitude of the Populace. Oh, said I to myself, how little to be depended on are these,

The Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod,

Not long are pleas'd with either Prince or God.

'Tis but little more than Half a Century ago that this Man, was stil'd our great Deliverer, our *Josbua*, the Hopes of *Israel*, and the Preserver of our Country, from the heavy Calamities of Popery and Slavery. Alas! that the Image and Superscription of this good King, in this bad Age, should not be able to recommend to the degenerate Sons of his fondest

Friends, the passing of one single Brass Farthing. Nay, though King *James's* dutiful Daughter Queen *Mary*, *William's* Royal Consort

Shine on the Halfpence and enrich the Coin.

How are the Mighty fallen ! The Heads of *William* and *Mary*, are vile and cast away, as if they had not been anointed with Oil.

Oh tell it not in *Bath*, publish it not in the Streets of *Birmingham*; least the Tories rejoice, least the Daughters of the Jacobites triumph.

Ungrateful City ! Are these your Revolution Principles ? But I had forgot, ye are the Sons of Barter and Gain ; your Principles are Interest, and Interest is your Principle.

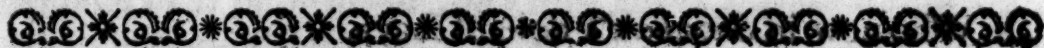
I find it naught avails with you, to mention the Goodness of the Man, or his Metal. May no crowned Heads hereafter be so despitefully used !

But our *North Britons*, I am informed, treat them with more Respect and Devoir. Forbidden as they cruelly are, even to shew their Face here, by them in the *Highlands*, they appear every Day, tho' their Value is somewhat decreas'd, and their once luxuriant Laurels shorn : For their Agent from the *Hill Country*, expects no less of this illustrious Pair, of glorious and immortal Memory, than six a Penny. And I just now heard too, that some of our Shopkeepers that are of the Kirk, will admit them again, on One-fourth of their Dignity only curtail'd ; so that for a Commodity which you may purchase for a Shilling, you must pay in these plain

Halfpence Sixteen Pence. 'Tis true, this is to make the King and Queen pay a low Stake, however, as the old Adage is, it is better than standing out.

Alas poor WILLIAM!

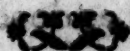
“ Thou that waft once the madding Mob’s Desire,
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire :
The second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
Drove back the Sea, and shew’d the promis’d Land.
The People’s Prayer! the sage Diviner’s Theme!
The young Mens Visions, and the old Mens Dream!
In how few Years are thy great Acts forgot,
As if thy Fame, could, with thy Ashes rot;
In the next Age to dark Oblivion hurl’d,
And e’en on Copper Coin denied the World.



THE Speech of *Grace Gray*,
On her Wedding-Day,
With no Tooth in her Head,
But one Colt’s Tooth,—’tis said.

“ All tott’ring Fabricks sink without a Prop,
“ Why may’nt I then have one, to keep mine up?
“ Why do the Waggs thus at me laugh and grin,
“ Mayn’t I laugh too?—sure they may laugh, that win.”

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On the Death of G----- C-----NS,

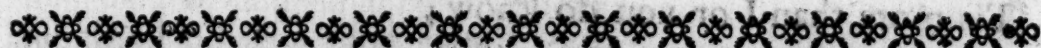
CLERK and SEXTON of St. James's, BATH,

And Jack of all Trades.

OH, *Thomas*! it must surely be
That dismal Bell rings out for thee:
From thee it learn'd to sadly mourn
For Men and Women, dead and gone;
To tell the Parish how to cry,
Before and after People die;
And now the common Fate is thine,
It but repays thee in thy Coin.

Who now in *Sternhold's* doleful Lays,
Shall charm thy Flock with Ekes and Ayes?
Who pitch like thee the hundreth Psalm,
In Notes and Keys without a Name?
Who mark so well, with so much Care,
How just the Preacher's Notions were;
And by judicious Nod could shew,
If they were orthodox, or no,
To teach young Curates all their Trade,
From Laws and Customs never made.
But oh! what Muse shall e'er rehearse,
Thy various Trades, in various Verse:
How much thy Dialing has done
To make a Liar of the Sun;

How skill'd wast thou, how wondrous knowing
 Both in Geometry and Sowing;
 Couldst measure Men, or their Estates,
 For Country Cloaths, or Country Seats;
 In Hats well skill'd, or Surgeon's Mate,
 Couldst dress an Ulcer or a Hat:
 As Sexton, thou hadst all thy Trade,
 And gott'st thy Living by the Dead;
 Thou knew'st in Length two Yards to lie,
 Wou'd serve a Man of six Foot high;
 And at last thou diedst to let us see
 None dug a Grave so well as thee,
 'Tis strange, so many Trades, you'll say,
 Were cram'd in this vile Piece of Clay;
 Strange as it is, beneath this Stone
 Lay all these Trades, and all in One.



The Modern Metamorphosis.

DEAR Harry, when in Days of Yore,
 Together we conn'd *Ovid* o'er,
 We met with Tales, wou'd make one stare,
 About one *Jove* a Conjurer;
 Who with his Wand could at his Ease,
 Change Ladies fair to *Poplar* Trees;
 Had he been here the other Day,
 He'd been excell'd in his own Way,

And what's the strangest Thing of all,
By Folks, no Conjurers at all!

'Twas thus two Blades of the Excise,
Had on a Porter fix'd their Eyes,
Unluckily who cross'd their Way,
Beneath a Load of fragrant Tea;
The Scent affects the Lurchers Nose,
Still they pursue where'er he goes,
'Till they had run him to the Door,
And in Idea, seiz'd the Store.

But here they paus'd—says *Joe* to *John*,
With Caution let us now go on,
Let us consult with one that's wiser,
Right, we'll go call the Supervisor:
But where to find him, *John*, says *Joe*,
'Tis more than I or you do know;
Perhaps at *Church*, 'tis Time of Prayer,
And who can tell, he may be there?
For once of late, the People say,
He's been observ'd to stroll that Way;
So *Satan* strolling heretofore,
Came once to *Church*,—but came no more.

Well who'll go in? says greasy *D—t*,
I wou'd, Friend *John*, with all my Heart,
But I'm so black the Folks will stare,
And think the Devil again was there;

Behind the Door, I'll stay Purdue,
While you steal softly to the Pew.

John whisper'd *K*———e in the Ear,
Who instant flies the House of Prayer,
Leaves God as all such Saints will do,
When once dear Mammon comes in View,
Flies to the House,——demands the Key,
To seize the imaginary Tea:
Tea! says Friend *M-ggs*; as I'm a Sinner,
'Twas only Cabbage, bought for Dinner,
And there it stands——behind your Back,
Lord, Gentlemen!——we'll search the Sack.

The Sack is search'd, says *John*, what's this?
How strange a Metamorphosis!
This can't be Tea of such a Size!
I'll ne'er again trust Nose or Eyes,
But this I'll swear, and so will *Joe*,
'Twas Tea, not half an Hour ago,

Abash'd, the Lurchers sneak'd away,
And *M-ggs*, secur'd the destin'd Prey.

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.

ABOUT the Middle of last Century (as appears by an old Manuscript found among the Archives of a neighbouring Gentleman) the Parish of *Brockley* was more than

commonly wretched in a Pastor: Whom we find recommended to the World under the Name of *Watkin Walter*. But Antiquaries give us some Reason to imagine, that the Biographer transposed his two Names, in Pity to his Posterity; who, if they fell not into his Crime, he thought, should not share his Infamy, which was a great Part of his Punishment: But leaving this Point to be settled by those who have more Learning and Leisure, I shall abide by the plain Account of our Author, and give him to the World, as we found him.

As to his Person—the Historian is not very exact, choosing to pass by the Waggery or Blunders of Dame Nature, which she has so manifestly exhibited in his Busto, rather than to detain the gentle Reader with a Description more tedious than improving. However, not to leave us without any Idea of this inimitable Man, we have in his Margin these Outlines of him, which I have carefully inserted.

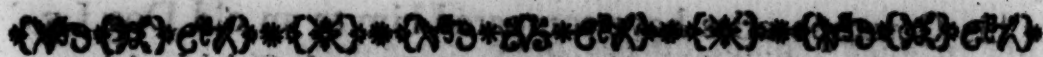
Watkin Walter (says he) at the fiftieth Year of his Age, (for he was an Exception against that general Rule of the Eastern Monarch, that the Wicked live not out half their Days) was of a fallow Complexion;—his Forehead high and daring, its Elevation improv'd by turning his Hair retrograde, but deeply intrench'd by frequent Contraction;—his Eyes fir'd and savage;—his Cheeks wither'd and stitc fallen;—his Nostrils flaming;—his Lips projecting and greenowing, as it is conjectur'd, to a particular Liquid of the Cast, which was continually under them;—in a Word, for

of his Cotemporaries have compared him to an old Dog Lyon, others to the graven Image on *Minerva's* Shield with only this Difference, That her Serpents were on the Outside of her Head—but his within.

Holafernes Stave, his own Clerk, who from his frequent revolving the goodly Pages of Master *Sternbold*, had contracted a marvelous Facility in Rhyming, seems to have lavish'd the whole Strength of his Genius, on the Worthiness of his Pastor, in the following Lines:

WHO sets together helter-skelter
 The dearest Friends?—false *Watkin Walter*;
 Each loving Pair who pines to alter,
 By Hints and Shrugs?—base *Watkin Walter*.
 Shall Truth revive, and Scandal falter?
 When sick or dead lies *Watkin Walter*.
 If ever Knave deserv'd a Halter,
 Then half a Dozen—*Watkin Walter*.
 Who pays his Baker, Butcher, Malter,
 With Lies and Falsehood?—*Watkin Walter*.
 Why unfrequented stands God's Altar?
 Because his Priest is—*Watkin Walter*.
 Then may each Curse in *David's* Psalter,
 Fall on the Head of—*Watkin Walter*.





To my much-lov'd Daughter-in-Law,

With a few SEPTEMBER FLOWERS.

DEAR MOLLY,

DID the Sun like my Heart still preserve its full Heat,
 What Roses I'd send you, how fine and how sweet;
 But cold *Autumn* pinches this Side of our Ball,
 My Lillies now droop, and my Roses now fall;
 Yet such as my Garden produces, receive,
 Since were they far better, as freely I'd give;
 Alas! beauteous Planet, how chang'd are thy Rays!
 And we like our Flow'rs must see other Days;
 Yet unchang'd is my Heart, my Affection ne'er pines,
 But one ardent Summer there constantly shines;
 Then let the Sun vary, and cold be the Dew,
 My Heart has no *Autumn*, my *Molly*, for you.



To Mr. J--- J---

THE Clock strikes Eight! No friendly Feet explore
 The gloomy Passage to the Mourner's Door;
 In vain your well-known Step does Fancy hear,
 In vain, I wait, no JEFFERIES comes here,
 The darkling Lamp emits a dying Light,
 And sympathizes with me as I write;

My little Boy plays listless round my Knee,
In whose soft Smiles, the dear Mamma I see;
For ever lost to him, fond Child, and me.

When *Orpheus* play'd the list'ning Shades among,
Stern, ruthless *Pluto*, melted as he sung.
Oh happy Poet! had but I thy Skill,
My dear *Eurydice* had blest me still;
But since her Loss I must forever mourn,
Since the grim King admits of no Return,
These painful Hours your Presence may beguile,
And make my melancholy Mansions smile.

To my Friend MR. CH-NC-LL-R, of *Cbew*.

MY very good Lord, do excuse me this Time,
And for one while you'll see, I don't plague you in
The Militant Church after *Whitsuntide March*, [Rhyme.
Not led by their Bishop, but Deacon so arch;
From *Wells* they proceed, happy Town! when they're thence,
To perjure Church-Wardens, and sweep *Peter's Pence*.
As usual among them to make up their Crew,
Are Doctors and Proctors, the D—l knows who:
But Friends to good Meals, and good Wine are the Gown,
And they halt, I am told, at our *Bedminster Town*.
Pray tell your Acquaintance a kind Lie or two,
In my Turn, I will do the like Office for you:

My Syder how strong, my October how fine,
 And *Bacchus* himself, never tasted such Wine;
 Then tell them, Oh! tell them, my choice Bill of Fare,
 With Chickens so plump, and Asparagus rare;
 Forgetting, d'ye hear my good Friend, by no Means,
 How butter'd my Pease, and how green are my Beans;
 For Beef, I've a Round-end of *Warwick's* dun Cow,
 And for Ham, what a Swinger of *David's* fat Sow;
 Such Fowls, to such Bacon, Man never did know,
 From the Time that poor *Peter* thrice heard the Cock crow.
 All this for a certain, and twice as much more,
 But bid them take Care they mistake not the Door;
 That Door which so manly does *MARLBOROUGH* grace,
 Who drove the *French* faster than Grooms in a Race:
 May the Clowns that refuse to put up at his Head,
 Hence dine with the *French* upon Garlick and Bread.



To Mr. T-----W-----.

June 29, 1756.

SURELY nothing was ever equal to the loud Misrule and
 Outrage that the Name of *B-ng* still causes in our City.
 Patience quits the Room the very Minute 'tis introduced, and
 the whole Company burst out, and curse him in Thunder.
 Our honest Tars here, no more retail their Imprecations to
 one another, in the old Phrases of *D—n your Eyes, Limbs,*
and odd Joints; but collecting all their Rancour in a Blast,

in one curious comprehensive Curse they roar, *Mayst thou be as d—n'd as B-ng.*

Our Bulks and Pissing Posts have no longer immodest Inscriptions on them, the old merry Monosyllable is quite obliterated, and in its Stead, each Idleton, and loitering School-boy with a previous D—n, writes *B-ng*.

Had he a House, or even a Castle here, nothing but a *Blakeney* would be able to defend it. *Blakeney!* unhappy Warrior! ungrateful Country!

Should the Coward in his Return, to answer the Outcries of an injured Island, be, by any Means, oblig'd to pass thro' BRISTOL, he would never see the Bar of his Tribunal, but justly be trodden to Pieces in our Streets.

In *Virgil's* Hell the most deeply d—n'd were those, who had basely betray'd the Trust their ruin'd Country had repos'd in them. Hereafter our Admiral will be sure of Justice.

This one bad Man is the hateful and continued Subject of our Citizens! The unhappy *Lisbonites*, I am persuaded, will as soon forget their Earthquake, as we shall the Consternation caus'd by his Cowardice. The Doctors preach against him, the Bucks blast him, the Beaus d—n him, and the Ladies spit against his very Name: Nay the very Free-thinkers give it out now, that there will be a Vindictive hereafter, a future Hell, in order to punish Crimes like his; but think

It long 'till he has his Merits, when his hated Name is
mention'd, crying faucily out

~~flabom~~ *Ob quid tu fulmina cessant*
Summe Deus !

Why sleep thy Bolts unhurl'd, Almighty Jove.

Had *Lestock* been executed, *St. Philip's* had been reliev'd.
—May we mend, and Cowards have no more Encourage-
ment! *Seneca* says, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos Mores via.*

'Tis never too late to reform.—May we find it so.

Nothing will ever remove the publick Odium from him,
but a Court-Martial base enough to acquit him, and bring it
on themselves.

How favourable soever his venal corrupted President may
be, here, his Judge on the other Side the *Styx*, will be most
obstinately just.

“ The Slave for Coin there cancels not his Fate,

There awful *Radamanthus* rules the State;

He hears, and judges each committed Crime,

Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time;

The conscious Wretch must all his Acts reveal,

Loath to confess, unable to conceal.

The Courtiers who their Country basely fold,

To foreign Enemies for foreign Gold,

There howling in the Dungeon's Depth remain,

Despising Pardon, and expecting Pain,

O'er these black guilty Ghost, the Fury shakes
 Her sounding Whip, and brandishes her Snakes;
 The Sinner trembles, and the Coward quakes.
 Oh! lash anew your Whips, new point your Stings,
 For Crimes so foul, so black, so base as *B-ng's*.



To Mr. G----- F-----.

Nemo malus felix.

Sen.

TIS an Aphorism of *Seneca's*, that no bad Man can be happy. What a wretched Being then must a Coward be? A State Coward, I mean, whose Poverty of Spirit must bring a Curse on this Nation. What avail his Woods, his Parks, his Palaces; if his Fame is justly damn'd, and his Country never mention him but with Abhorrence? It is not Wealth, Nobility, or Riches, that can justify a wicked Man, any more than the Want of them, can discredit a good One. Virtue is that sovereign Blessing, that makes the Possessor of it valuable without any Thing: And him that wants it contemptible, tho' he had all the World besides.

There is not, in the Scale of Nature, a more inseparable Connexion than that of Happiness and Virtue; or any Thing that more naturally produces the one, or more necessarily pre-supposes the other.

Dr. YOUNG says, and I believe that all honest Men are of his Opinion, That

The Slave, or Fool, that wears a Title lies.

'Tis the Edge and Temper of the Blade, that makes a good Sword, not the Richness of the Scabbard; so 'tis not Title or Possessions can make a Man considerable, but his Virtue. How often have we seen, in former Ages, the Honourable, nay, the Right Honourable too, prefix'd to the Names of Cowards, Courtiers, Catamites, Pimps, Pandars and Thieves?

Who stood for Fame on their Forefathers Feet,
By Heraldry prov'd valiant and discreet. YOUNG.

Long Galleries of Ancestors, and all
The Follies that ill grace a Country Hall,
Challenge no Wonder, nor Esteem from me,
Virtue alone is true Nobility. COWLEY.

Thus was it once at *Rome*, and 'till 'tis made so with us, we shall have Admirals that will fly, and Captains that will not fight. It would vex an honest Briton to see our hardy Seamen, that could coolly pluck a Whisker from the Mouth of the angry Pard, addressing their cowardly Captain with *Your Honour, Your Honour*, every Half-sentence, who ought to be treated as the Offspring of Infamy, and the Child of Disgrace. Oh! my very Soul is sick, to think that our Island could produce Weeds so rank, and that they should so untimely be made a Nolegay for the Bosom of our King! Most vily base! To prefer their Safety to their Reputation, to forget their dear Country, and for the Sake of Life to forego the very End of Living.

*Summum, crede nefas animam preferre Pudori,
Et propter Vitam, vivendi, perdere Causas.* JUV.

May the brave HAWKE rub out the fatal Stain! And,
 If he must die, oh may he nobly chose
 To guard his Honour, and his Life to lose!
 Rather than let his Virtue be betray'd :
 Virtue, the noblest Cause for which he's made!

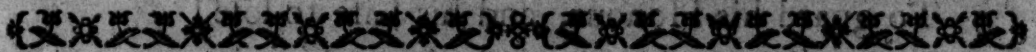
Cowardice in a Captain is base, more vile in a Commodore,
 but in an Admiral unpardonable.

*Omne animi Vitium tanto conspectius in se
 Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur.* Juv.

B-ng's Father's Glory, will his Son proclaim,
 And to a clearer Light expose his Shame :
 For still more publick Scandal Vice extends
 As he is great, or noble, who offends.

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these
 That dy'd with hostile Blood our Seas,
 And gave our threat'ned Land a glorious Peace.
 Made the proud *Spaniard*, with his vaunting Fleet,
 From our superior Thunder to retreat,
 Nor dare our warlike Gallies to engage or meet.
 But Sailors of another Mould,
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
 Whose Hands were daring, and whose Hearts unfold.
 'Twas these that shew'd our Foes such Play,
 That straitly stopp'd the *Armada* on its Way,
 Told them that BRITONS knew not how to fly,
 And bid their destin'd Host prepare to die :

Three Days engag'd them in a bloody Scene,
And jolly on the fourth drank BRITAIN and its QUEEN.



Lord B---'s Speech to B---, under Sentence.

QUOTH Fribble to B-ng, pr'ythee hold up thy Head,
Why thou art worth forty of those that are dead;
Our King, to thy Comfort's a merciful Prince,
Old L-st-ck was quitted some Dozen Years since.
Why that was my Ruin the Admiral cry'd,
For had L-st-ck been shot, I had never been try'd.



To the good People of *Great-Britain*,

FASTING for a VICTORY, and not FIGHTING.

The CARTER and HERCULES.

A T A L E.

—Precibus ignavis Deus ipse repugnat?

*An hujusmodi esset Jejuniū quod elego? An hujusmodi voca-
bis Jejuniū & diem acceptum Jehovæ!*

A Lazy Lout with half a Load,
That drove his Cart along the Road,
Not minding what he was about,
It went, full drive, into a Rout.

But never gave himself the Pain,
 To strive to get it back again.
 Nor Whip nor Shoulder he'd apply;
 'Twas in, and there 'twas like to lie:
 'Till he thought on a lazier Way,
 For what great Trouble is't to pray?
 And thus the listless Loon at Length,
 Yawn'd, *Hercules! thou God of Strength,*
Thy Blessings to my Bulls impart,
Oh strengthen them to clear my Cart!
 The God who heard him from a Cloud,
 Rallied the suppliant Fool aloud:
Get up, thou lazy, lifeless Elf!
Get up and struggle with't yourself,
Apply your Shoulder to the Wheel,
And your new Whip let Dobbin feel;
Strain your own Nerves, to get it out,
Cry, 'gee—away you'll wag no Doubt.
For why, you silly Numskull, why?
Should the Gods do your Drudgery?

By Sea and Land let this be done,
 There's not a Frenchman but will run;
 March up directly Toe to Toe,
 And burn the *Whiskers* of your *Foe*.
 Then let your ADMIRALS draw near,
 No VICTORY is got by Fear!
 Do bravely, what you ought to do,
 And the kind HEAVENS will favour you.



To Mr. T----- L-----, at Bath.

Quem virum, aut Heroa Lyra, vel Acri

Tibia fumes & celebrare Clio?

Quem Deum? Cujus recinet jocosa

Nomen Imago.

HOR.

THE first Science that appear'd in the eventful History of Man, is that of Musick: For no sooner, had *Jabal* secured our antediluvian Ancestors from the Oppression of the Weather, but Musick was heard in their Tents. 'Twas then the Hand and Voice of *Jubal* struck his list'ning Brethren with Admiration: For he is recorded to have been the Father of all such as handled the Organ and Harp. And to his Honour no sooner was it practis'd, but it became a Part of their early Worship. It's Design seems to be to becalm the troubled Mind of the Stormy, to sooth the Distress'd; and, as it were by its Breath, to blow up the Holy Fire of the Devout.

There is no Question to be made, but at the first Introduction of this perswasive Novelty, the attentive Herdsmen were greatly affected by it. As their awful Surprize is beautifully express'd by one of our greatest Poets, I shall give it in his own Words:

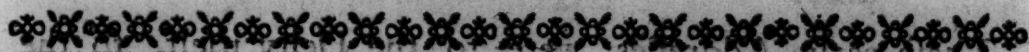
" What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell?
 " When *Jubal* struck the chorded Shell;
 " His list'ning Brethren stood around,
 " And won'dring on their Faces fell
 " To worship that celestial Sound;
 " Less than a God, they thought there cou'd not dwell
 " Within the Hollow of that Shell,
 " That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 " What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell?" }

These early Addresses were to the Deity itself, to the LORD our GOD; but as the Practice of Musick became more extensive in after Ages, it paid its Tribute to the best of Men, to the Good and Virtuous only; with repeated Instances of this, sacred and profane Authors abound. Among these Writings, the Songs of *Pindar* and *Horace* will ever live.

" What Man upon the tuneful Lyre,
 " What Hero fraught with heavenly Fire,
 " Or on the many sounding String,
 " What Godhead, *Clio*, wilt thou sing?"

To recite the Actions of the famous Hebrew Leader, *Judas Maccabeus*, has Mr. *Handal* employ'd his unparallel'd Abilities, which grand Composition was most happily executed at the Great Musick-Room, in Princess-Street, on Wednesday Night, by a Band of eminent Performers, both Vocal and Instrumental, to whom *Timotheus* himself might with Pleasure have listen'd, and St. *Cecilia* been attentive.

For this refin'd Entertainment, we are obliged to the Skill and Care of Mr. Br-d-r-p, who, much to his Reputation, conducted the whole. As it is impossible for me to do Justice to the Gentlemen, either Vocal or Instrumental, that contributed to this exalted Pleasure, I shall be silent; but shall venture to say of the Children who came from Salisbury, that the Bird of Morn, on their own happy Downs, never caroll'd it so sweet.



*Upon seeing a very bashful Advertisement for
a School in our weekly Papers.*

OH *CHANCELLOR, and WHITE, and AINSWORTH great!
Where will you run! ah, whither now retreat!
No more shall ratt'ling Cars surround your Door!
And City ‡ Wives shall pester you no more!

* Men of Merit and Modesty, who keep Boarding Schools in the Neighbourhood of this City.

‡ There is scarce a Sunday in the Year, but several Carriages come plaguing and tormenting the Masters, each of which may justly say with Mr. Pope.

The Sunday comes, no Day of Rest to me!

But that is not all; these Visits are not only troublesome, but expensive, so that they are rather VISITATIONS than Visits. For the Citizen seeing the Cabbage growing in the Garden, and the Pig in the Sty, thinks that his Dinner cost nothing. But that is not the Way for the Master to save his Bacon; for I have heard one of them say, that tho' a particular Gentleman had two Sons there, he lost more by the Parent on Sundays, than he got by the Children all the Week.

Dim shine your Rays, your wonted Glory's fled,
 Ye little Lights, hide your diminish'd Head!
 Once round our Town, like Stars you shone, 'tis true,
 And to your Splendor, is this Tribute due.
 But o'er yon Cambrian Hill, and from a far,
 See § *W-ll-ms* rises his resplendent Star.
 Not like a Meteor, as some Wags may think,
 Only to blaze awhile, then drop and stink.
 But in substantial Brass he'll ever shine;
 Yes, § *J-mmy*, he'll eclipse that Face of thine!
 Hibernia, shall, to modest Cambria yield,
 And LEEKS, shall, from POTATOES gain the Field.

To Mr. S--- N---

Dear SAM,

A Glorious Breast of Veal!
 Wont you a cross the Avon steal?

A Bur as broad as any Bellows;

Bacon and Greens, that han't their Fellows,

With half a Bushel, or well nigh,

Of Orlean Plumbs, a thumping Pye!

And this, my Boy, you'll find well done,

Just half a Minute after One.

As to the Ladies, I'm dishearted,

I went, I bow'd, I foot'd, I courted;

§ *Worthy* Gentlemen, the one from the Kingdom, the other the Prin-
 cipality, not to be reproached for their Shyness.

Who condescended, just to say,
 Perhaps at Four, we'll stroll that Way,
 Now all these Dishes lose their Gou,
 Unless at One I hear of you;
 But if you come, 'tis savory Meat,
 If not, no Morfel stains my Plate,



To Capt. WILLIAM MERRICK.

DEAR SIR,

AS you are Good-natured enough to tell me, that I cannot plague with any Thing that I shall offer: In Return, I think it incumbent on me, to endeavour to please so kind, so generous a Friend. And if in this Letter I do it, if I cannot mend my Writing, I can my Manners, and will, by being silent hence forward.

I think your Friend says, that my Repetition of the Adverb (far) is *unclassical*.——But if *Virgil* be one of those Authors we call *Classicks*; it is *classical*, and let the following musical Quotations from him, be my Justification.

*Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
 Nunc frondent Sylvæ, nunc formosissimus Annus. VIR.*

The like Repetition which in RHETORIC is call'd AMPLIFICATION, is one of its sweetest Flowers, and the best Poets

abound in it. And *Virgil* has again somewhat like it, by doubling the Adjective in these Lines.

*Tytirus hinc aberat, ipsi te Tytire pinus
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbuta vocabant.*

After the Battle of *Actium*, in which *Augustus Cæsar* conquer'd wild *Anthony*, and made himself Master of the World; he treated the Citizens with a royal *Shew*. The Night before the Exhibition it rain'd incessantly, but to the great Wonder and Joy of the People, on the Morning, not a Cloud appeared. This furnish'd the Prince of Poets with a happy Opportunity of flattering his Patron (of which the *Cæsars* were susceptible) with this Distich.

*Nocte pluit tota, redeunt Spectacula mane:
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

It rains all Night, next Day, no Clouds arise,
See, godlike *Cæsar*, shares with *Jove*, the Skies !

The Emperor and his Friends enquired, who paid him so just a Compliment; but the modest Author remaining silent, one *Bathyllus*, a very moderate Genius, own'd the Lines, and consequently was highly honour'd, and most royally rewarded by the vain victorious Prince. This greatly chagrin'd *Virgil*; and in order to do himself Justice, on the folding Gates of the Palace, he writes this Distich.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

H

This Epigram I wrote, conceal'd my Name;
But, shall another rob me of my Fame?

And underneath subjoin'd these Beginnings of the four
following Pentameters.

Sic vos non vobis _____

Sic vos non vobis _____

Sic vos non vobis _____

Sic vos non vobis _____

These *Augustus* ordered to be filled up. Which, when
nobody cou'd do, the musical Mantuan came himself and
subjoin'd,

_____ *Nidificatis aves.*

_____ *Fertis aratra boves.*

_____ *Mellificatis apes.*

_____ *Vellera fertis oves.*

Alluding to *Bathyllus's* robbing him, both in Fame and
Fortune.

Not for yourselves — you Birds, your Houses build.

Not for yourselves — you Oxen, plough the Field.

Not for yourselves — you Bees, your Sweets prepare.

Not for yourselves — you Sheep, your Fleeces bear.

There you see the Repetition carried on with great Success.

These are Beauties, and not Blemishes as your Friend
seem'd to conceive them; and such Beauties too, among

the Ancients, the modern Authors have closely copied. However to divert you, for I presume not to improve you; I will mention a merry Instance of this Sort. The Author's Name was *John Skelton*, Poet Laureat to King *James* the First, who was better versed in Classics than, in Politics; and who was oftener in his Library, than in his Cabinet. With this quaint Poet, this King made himself very familiar; and as an Instance of their Intimacy, I here transcribe, as well as translate, one of the Letters from the Poet to the Prince.

Salve, Rex optime Regum!

*Salve plus decies, quam sunt momenta dierum,
 Quot Species generum, quot res, quot nomina rerum.
 Quot pratis flores, quot sunt & in orbe colores,
 Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt in Equore naves
 Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta Gebennæ.
 Quot Cæli stellæ, quot sunt miracula Thomæ,
 Quot sunt virtutes, tanto tibi mitto salutes.*

Count all the Moments that make up the Day,
 Then count each Object Nature does display;
 Count all the Flowers that bedeck the Field,
 Then count the Colours that these Flowers yield;
 Count all the Birds, and Fishes of the Sea,
 Then count the Scales that on those Fishes be.
 Count all the Ships that dance along the Main;
 Then count the Torments that the Damn'd sustain.

Count all the Stars that spangle yonder Skies,
And * THOMAS told of thee, count all the Lies.
Count all the Beauties that make up a Belle,
As many Times I wish my PATRON — well.

And so most affectionately says

(In more than one Sense)

Your poor Poet,

E. C.

* Abbot of *Canterbury*, of an ambitious, and restless Disposition, continually disturbing the *Peace* of both *Prince* and *People*: At last he was slain at the Altar, by some of the King's best Friends. For tho' he was false to his Prince, he was true to the POPE, who made a Saint of him in the succeeding Century; of whose Funeral, and fictitious Miracles, History will supply you with a plentiful Inventory.





An A B S T R A C T.

In the Year 1758, from the large Quantity sent abroad, and the great Consumption in our Distillery at Home, Corn came to a great Price, and there was but little left in the Land, and the Nation was oppress'd by this factitious Famine; whilst every one wondered where the Corn was, and what was become of our Harvest. The Dealers that had disposed of it, put the admiring World upon a false Scent, and in a Pamphlet, which will be a long Time remembred, laid the whole Odium on the Mealmen and Bakers of *London*; to vindicate whose Characters, the following Pages were written.

T O

Dr. JAMES MANNING,

Physician in *LONDON*.

And fond Patron of a favourite Project lately publish'd to abuse the Bakers; the following Sheets are most gravely dedicated by one of his many Admirers.

Great Lover of Truth, and most learned Doctor!

I AM a perfect Stranger to every Thing of you but your Merit, and though I must own a late little Book has made that immortal; yet as I ask no *Favour*, you must ex-

pect no *Flattery* in my Dedication. But to do Justice to your surprising Genius in your short History of our ARTIFICIAL FAMINE, you certainly have, if some Authors are true, yes very honestly have you, introduced the *present Age* making hearty Meals on the Bones of the *last*. This takes mightily with us, and supplies us with merry Matter at every Meal. — For Example: Instead of calling for the Loaf, we call for the Persons whose Bones in the Church-yard were latest turn'd up. *Tom*, cries one, toast me *Moll Snapshort*, then cutting a Slice, says he, ah *Mary, Mary!* I find, dead or alive, thou wilt always be *crusty*. — Another, upon cutting a fresh Loaf laughs out, this must be my Cousin *Henpeck's* Wife, 'tis very bitter: Is it, replies *Henpeck*, put the least Crumb in the World this Way, I shall know the Taste of her. — Ah, 'tis her, I find poor Dame! she had ever a little too much Barm in her; yet I told her, as the Saying is, I loved her well enough to eat her; but little thought she would come to my Turn so soon! but there, we must be contented. This certainly, cries a Third, must be, pointing to an ill-baked Loaf, some of the Bones of Justice *P——t* in *Herefordshire*. — Why as you say, says one, 'tis wondrous *heavy*. Yes, remarks another, feeling it with a Sneer, and very *soft* too. — Thus you have converted, Doctor, the Country *Wagg* into a *Wit*, and every *Meal* into a *Merriment*. Yet I could wish you had produced some Authority in Prose or Verse, from ancient Times, as Antiquity does so lavishly abound in it; for though *Magna est Veritas, et prevalebit*, the Truth is great and will prevail; is a just Aphorism, and will be al-

ways allow'd; yet if you had quoted some Author for it, the Relation had been less novel and surprizing. As for Instance, after you had first introduced your *Bone-Flour*, you should have added, "Nor is this the only Age in which Men ground up one another; no, it was the Practice many Years back, as plainly appears by an old Folio Edition of *John* surnamed the *Slayer of Giants*, or more vulgarly, *Jack the Giant-Killer*."

Fe, Fa, Fum,

I smell the Breath of an English Man,

Be he alive, or be he dead,

I'll grind his Bones to make me Bread."

Can any Thing be plainer than this now! You see that Bones were not only human Food, but brave stout strong Food, even the Food of Giants. Besides, 'tis Mr. *Matthew Prior*'s Opinion that the ancient *Greeks* design'd for the Destruction of *Troy*, had a particular Bread prepar'd on purpose to give them Courage; which must be somewhat of this Sort you may see at large in his *ALMA*, Canto 3d. but as Dedications will not admit of long Quotations, I shall only introduce a short Specimen of the Author, tho', much that he says, is greatly to your Purpose.

"That great *Achilles* might employ,
The Strength design'd to ruin *Troy*,
He din'd on Lion's Marrow spread
On Toasts of Ammunition Bread."

Now what could this Ammunition Bread mean, but a martial Composition such as the Bones of Heroes ground into Flour, must, when mix'd up with the Barm of strong Beer naturally produce. Soldiers are like Game Cocks, notwithstanding the Birds which are pitted, are both high Blood; yet you will find that towards the End of a long Battle 'tis the Feeder gives the Victory: And this is by particular Kind of Bread. And tho' we may not know every single Ingredient, yet we may be assur'd that the Bones of unvanquish'd Cocks must make no inconsiderable Part. For the same grave Author says in another Place,

“ That Strength of every other Member,
Is founded on your Belly Timber:
The Qualms or Raptures of your Blood,
Rise in Proportion to their Food.
We see, in best of Battles fought,
Folks must be fed, as well as taught.”

Many, dear Doctor, are the Instances of this Kind; and as it is to keep you in Countenance, I am persuaded the *gentle Reader* will with Pleasure peruse repeated Citations to this Purpose. Should I only look back into the Voyages and Travels of ancient Writers, how many Places should I discover where the human Species eat one another with the highest Relish; aye, and make no *Bones* of it. The Cannibals of *Florida*, with a Gust not to be described, eat others Bones, and swallow, as the most delicate Wine, the Blood of their Fellow-Creatures. And this the Reader may be

assured is the People that *Gordon* in his Geography says, not only eat one another, but, Oh, *mirabile dictu!* eat themselves too.

The bloody *Tartars* too, who infest the unhappy *Saracens* in their March through the Wilds of *Arabia*, have no Ideas but those of War, demand every Thing with the Sword; and from a singular Food, become as fierce and as swift to shed Blood, as the prowling Lion in the Forest; as Mr. *Prior* has somewhere most sagely observed in the following Lines :

“ Observe the various Operations,
Of Food and Drink in several Nations.
Was ever *Tartar* fierce or cruel,
Upon the Strength of Water-Gruel?
But who shall stand his Rage and Force,
If first he rides, then eats his Horse?
Sallads, and Eggs, and lighter Fare,
Tune the *Italian* Spark’s Guitar.
And if I take *Dan Congreeve* right,
*Pudding and Beef make *Britons* fight.”

Virgil likewise tells us, that there are a People in the *Mediterranean*, the *Monoculi* of the Ancients; a particular Species of Giants as tall as the Monument, but bigger round by half. Their Business was that of Shepherds: The Pipe with which they amuse themselves and their Flocks

I

* Supposed to be made of Bone-Flour.

was made from a well turn'd Pine. The Poet in his 3d Æneid describes these one-ey'd Monsters stalking from Rock to Rock, and wading many Miles into the Sea.

These I presume were the original Bone-Eaters; the very first Ostrophagi that History any where records. And though their eating up Men alive may sound somewhat fabulous, I can assure my Readers that there is not a Word said of them but is as probable, and much better attested, than any Accusation I have seen brought by Dr. *Sesquipedalis* in his unintelligible, furious Harangue against the provident Mealmen and Cornfactors, with the greatly injured, but honest Bakers. For you see I can quote my Authority; which is more than the Doctor can do for any one Word he has blunder'd out against them; which is as follows:

“ *Hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,
Immemores socii vasto Cyclopi in antro
Deferuere. Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,
Intus opaca, ingens; ipsa ardens, atque pulsat
Sidera (Dii, talem terris avertite pestem)
Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli.
Visceribus miserorum, & sanguine vescitur atro.
Vidi egomet, duo de numero cum corpora nostro
Prensa manu magnâ, medio resupinus in antro
Frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent
Limina: vidi, atro cum membra fluentia tabo
Manderet, & tepidi tremere sub dentibus artus.*

*Haud impune quidem: nec talia passus Ulysses,
Oblitusve sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto.*

*Nam simul expletus dapibus, vinoque Sepultus
Cervicem inflexam posuit, jacuitque per antrum
Immensus, saniem eruētans, ac frustra cruento
Per somnum commixta mero; nos, magna precati
Numina, sortitique vices, unā undique circum
Fundimur, & telo lumen terebramus acuto
Ingens, quod torva solum sub fronte latebat,
Argolici clypei aut Phœbeæ lampadis instar:
Et tandem læti sociorum ulciscimur umbras.
Sed fugite, ô miseri, fugite, atque ab litore funem
Rumpite.*

*Nam qualis quantusque cavo Polyphemus in antro
Lanigeras claudit pecudes, atque ubera pressat:
Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad litora vulgo
Infandi Cyclopes, & altis montibus errant."*

“ The Cave, tho’ large, was dark : the dismal Floor
Was pav’d with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.
The monstrous Host, of more than human Size,
Erects his Head and stares within the Skies.
Bellowing his Voice, and horrid is his Hue,
Ye Gods remove this Plague from mortal View !
The Joints of slaughter’d Wretches is his Food,
And for his Wine he quaffs the streaming Blood.
These Eyes beheld when with his spacious Hand
He seiz’d two Captives of the Græcian Band;
Stretch’d on his Back, he dash’d against the Stones
Their broken Bodies and their crackling Bones :

With spouting Blood the purple Pavement swims,
 While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.
 Thus gorg'd with Flesh, and drunk with human Wine,
 While fast asleep the Giant lay supine,
 Snoring aloud, and belching from his Maw,
 His indigested Foam, and Morfels raw,

We surround

The monstrous Body stretch'd along the Ground:
 Each, as he could approach him, lends a Hand
 To bore his Eye-Ball with a flaming Brand.
 Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye;
 For only one did the vast Frame supply;
 But that a Globe so large, his Front it fill'd;
 Like the Sun's Disk, or like a *Græcian* Shield.
 The Stroke succeeds, and down the Pupil bends;
 His Vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd Friends.
 Such, and so vast as *Polypheme*, appears
 A hundred more this hated Island bears:
 Like him, in Caves they shut their woolly Sheep
 Like him, their Herds on Tops of Mountains keep,
 Like him, with mighty Strides they stalk from Steep
 to Steep.

The Antiquity of Bone-eating here is well proved beyond all Contest, with great Force and Learning: For I have produced the Man, the Man's Name, and the Picture of the Man. And whoever is more curious, so as to enquire for Time, and Place, may in *Virgil* find that also.

These Fellows, my Esculapius, would catch up two or three *Greeks* at once; and without giving themselves Time to rub their Heads in a little Salt, would snap them up Bones and all.

I shall only here add, that it would be proper for those Bone-Factors that serve the Bakers, to leave uncollected such Bones as drop from Persons gibbeted, least their flagrant Vices should be propagated by their Bread, in which their Bones are ground up: For according to the old *English* Proverb, *What's bred in the Bone will never come through the Skin*. I would likewise have great Care taken that the Bones of some Admirals and Generals never enter the Composition, for particular Reasons.

A most surprising Invention this, dear Doctor, and well worth considering. For how plentiful must this make every Place that is fortunate enough to be the Seat of War.—When making Bread and making Battle must be almost synonymous Terms, what Quantities of Bread must eight or ten Thousand Men produce, in one Day slaughtered in the Field. Besides, what gallant Fellows will those Soldiers be, whose constant Meals are made on such martial Materials.

Ob fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint

Germanicos!

Oh happy, happy *Germans*, did they but know their own Happiness, whose Country is daily fattened with the *Blood*, and Inhabitants fed with the *Bones* of your Enemies; who at

the boundless lavish Expence of the Grand Monarch, breakfast on *French Rolls* each Morning.

But, my illustrious Physician, though I have demonstrated beyond Doubt your chosen Doctrine of Bones, yet in a Pamphlet published in *your* Name, *you* have advanced some Things that are not quite so clear; on which, as a Friend, you must permit me to make some kind Remarks; that you, Sir, may have the Honour of clearing up the Point.

As for Example: Page the Eighth, I think you a little hastily affirm, that “there is such an abundant Quantity of Corn in the Kingdom, that an honest Man must wonder where it is lodged, or how the Price is kept up.” Now it would be but reasonable to ask you, how you are certain there is such an abundant Quantity of Corn in the Kingdom, if you are quite ignorant where any of this is? You do likewise, therefore, from your false Premises, draw as false a Conclusion: For this Reason, say you, the Plenty is absolute and certain, however it must be engrossed and with-held from the Poor. Permit me here to put you a little to rights. When the Complaints of the Poor alarmed the Distillers, it was two Months before the legislative Power was attentive to them: During this Time the Distillers made large Purchases, and wrought incessantly, suspecting what after happened; namely, that their destructive Works must cease. And when the honourable House met, they indulged them with two Months more, in order to work up the monstrous Quantities they had impiously laid in. So

that when the provident Baker came to purchase such a Stock, as should keep him from meddling with the new Wheat till Spring, 'twas not to be done; they could only provide themselves from Hand to Mouth: Therefore they were oblig'd to fall in immediately on the new Harvest: Demands were great in every Market; and this keeps it at a high Price. Now to convince you, Doctor, if you are to be convinced, that this was the real State of the Kingdom; and that there was no such Quantity but in your Brain: You will find upon Examination, that notwithstanding the Millions of Bushels of Wheat and Flour brought into this Island in Captures, yet many Millions more have from abroad for us been purchased and imported; as well as One Million Five Hundred Fifteen Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-six of Corn, besides Flour, in the Year fifty-seven for *Ireland*. What Merchants or Corn-factors would have made for the Nation such Purchases, if at the same Time it abounded in Corn.

Farther on you say, "The Ingredients they add to Flour are in general six: 1. Bean-meal, 2. Chalk, 3. Whiting, 4. Slack'd Lime, 5. Allum, and 6. Ashes of Bones." All these, says the wise and honest Dr. *Manning*, "may be discovered in the Bread now sold; and every Miller and Baker knows how to use them: But let them from this Time forward fear a Discovery and Proof: This may be easily done, and the Laws are open and severe." If this be true, if you can prove this, as you say you easily can, why don't you do your Country

Justice by bringing these *Miscreants* to the Bar? Convict but one Man and we will believe all you have said; but till you have done that, we shall place you in a very unhappy Light. But with the same tender Regard to Truth, you proceed, "There is beside a *seventh Ingredient used of a more mischievous Quality, and not so easily discovered: The Physician will know what I mean, when I add, its Quality is Suffocation. To this I attribute the many sudden Deaths after Eating. I have separated this from Bread within these few Days, and may produce it before those who have Authority to punish." If this Doctor be true, do you ever hope to be thought well of, 'till you have done it?

You say there is a Toughness in Bean-Flour. Sagacious Man! You *was never in the OVEN*, Doctor, *your Cake is Dough*, you are not in the Secret, you know nothing of the *small Bread* we find.

• White Lead.





AN ABSTRACT.

A Gentleman brought me the other Day, the most wonderful Pamphlet, he said, that ever was seen. Asking him on what Account, said he, *On Many*; then putting it into my Hand he desired me to read it: I did and found his Words true. Nothing equals the Reasoning but the Language, and nothing can come up to the Language but the Reasoning.

A Sample of both which follows:—

“ A Mind matured by Philosophy, whose Strength of Reason is strong enough to combine Ideas, and deep enough to fathom the abstruse Deductions of concatenated Efficients; and whose Vigour of Intellect and Keeness of Sense, is able to investigate successive Causes, that were before unknown, from a minute Observance, and diligent Pursuit of obvious Effects; is frequently convinced by a small Portion of Reflection, that all the malignant Productions of morbid Qualities, in the sublunary Globe, are not more destructive and injurious to Mankind than *Man* alone.—

Run over, says he, the gloomy Roll of Horrors, Earthquakes, Inundations, Tempests, Famine, Light'ning, fiery

Eruptions, venomous or savage Animals, and deleterious, they will be found less baneful to human Existence than the Excentricities, the sinister Deviations of nefarious Art, or the secret Craft of impetuous Avidity."

Oh rare Doctor! these are most founding Lines!

Turgid with *Fustian* and the true *Bombast*!

Stripp'd of its pompous Array, this clamorous Paragraph of yours, says no more than this, *Mankind are bitter Enemies one to another.*——Why this is a Point that no Man will oppose, but readily grant so sagacious an Author; therefore, I think it hardly deserv'd so stately an Introduction, and so splendid a Dress. I could heartily wish you had *read* before you had *wrote*, you would have been much easier understood: And a single Half-Sheet of Paper would have conveniently held the *Matter* of your whole Pamphlet.

Mr. GARTH, who is a little unlucky on such noisy Writers as you are, does not badly advise you in the following Lines:

In ev'ry Page let Energy be found,

And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound!

For you most tediously repeat the same Thing over and over again, till it becomes as loathsome as JUVENAL'S *Crambe repetita*, or Cabbage nine Times fry'd.

Why you affected this Manner of Writing, appears to me very plain, you had not Troop on your Side. No—*VRITATIS oratio est simplex, & qui aperte simpliciterque loquitur,*

diffimulatione expers, negligit Oratoris fucos. Truth, Doctor, is a plain Tale, wants none of the Dress of Language, nor the Ornaments of Rhetorical Figures.

But to come to your *Calumny*:—"Allum" say you, "is a good Medicine properly administer'd; but when we remember it to be an Extract of human Excrement, the delicate Part of the World will readily resign its Use in their common Food, or even in Physick; to its more proper Use of dying of Stuffs and dressing of Leather." Then proceeding in your *old Style*, you add, "that even the most stercorian Stomach fastidates the Nastiness of a Food made up of such a disgusting Admixture."

Now pray Doctor who told you that Allum was an Extract of *human Excrement*? No Treatise of Pharmacy, no History of Drugs, either Chymical or Galenical. No, you knew this to be a Lye, and a Lye too of your own making. For an Apprentice, but of one Year's standing, has *Pomet* put into his Hand, where in Course he must read the following Natural History of it:

"Allum," says that ingenious Author, in his *Natural History of Mineral Drugs*, "is a Fossil Salt, drawn from the Stones of different Bigness and Colour, in several Parts of Europe, especially in Italy, England, and in France. Now after Allum is taken out of its Bed or Quarry, as you take other Stones, it is burnt in a Kiln; made on Purpose, as you do for Lime or the like; and when it is culled, its

Salt, which is the Allum, is drawn out with Water, proceeding after the same Manner as in making *Salt-Petre*,"

This, Doctor, you knew well before, therefore are the more to blame, by endeavouring to impose upon your Patients, if you have any in the City, and thereby to slander a Sett of honest Men, which I will make it appear, you know at this Time to be innocent of the Crimes you most villainously at first *invented*, and after *published*.

It was a Custom among the Ancients, that if a Man had maliciously published a Lye concerning any Society or Body of Men, the infamous RASCAL was produced in the publick Market, and from every offended Person received as his just Due, a Box on the Ear. Should the *London Bakers*, for the Fertility of your Brain, pay you such Complements, I question if it would not greatly lessen your Affection for Lying.

Oh Doctor, Doctor! 'tis a cowardly and servile Humour to hide and disguise a Man's Self, under a Vizard, and not dare to remove the Masque and shew what he is.

"*Aristotle* reputes it the Office of Magnanimity, openly and professedly to love and hate, to judge and speak with all Freedom; and not to value the Approbation or Dislike of others, in Comparison of Truth." And *Apollonius* said, "It was for *Slaves* to lye, and FREEMEN to speak TRUTH. A generous Heart cannot belye its own Thoughts; but will make itself seen within; all there is good, or at least manly. Surely if 'tis not the cunning Man's, it is the wise and honest Man's Business to be seen."

For Men not to act openly, and upon these Principles, but to be upon the Hide, is to give Warning to all that have any thing to do with them, that all they say is nothing but Lying and Deceit. *Cicero* in his *Duty on Man*, says, *Quo quis versutior, & callidior est, hoc invisior, & suspectior, detracta opinione probitatis.* By how much any one is more subtle and cunning, by so much is he noted or suspected, the Opinion of his Integrity lost.

“ Yet this Allum,” say you, “ produces a Coagulation of the Aliment, especially if it happens to be Milk, which brings on ineffable and transcending Pains, inexpressive, torturing Flatulencies, and spasmodic Contractions of the Intestines, inutterable and vast; but most particularly of the Ilium. These nefandous Symptoms may fortuitously arrive to that lethiferous Degree of Violence and corrosive Perturbation, as utterly to constitute that moribund Distemper, which is denominated the *Cholera Morbus*, and which will sometimes prove so very acute, and its Spiculæ prove so very sharp, as to become fatal by cutting the Thread of Life.” But before I introduce any more of this wonderful Treatise—I suppose you bake your own Bread, Doctor, don’t you? For the Devil must be in it, if so learned a Physician as you seem, should see one of these poisonous *Muffins* mixed before his Face, and then baked and buttered for his own Breakfast! For you speak as confidently as if you had stood by and seen the whole Process of the Baker. But, if to my great Astonishment, you do not bake your own Bread, how come you to escape the almost inevitable Danger of so fatal a Food. Why, my learned Friend! a

Penny Loaf of this, slipped in a Porringer of Milk, would have been more dangerous to *Apollo* himself, than his Darts had been to the *Python*. *Æsculapius* likewise, would have kick'd up his Trotters before he had half breakfasted. And that old Poison-eating King of *Pontus*, Dr. MITHRIDATES, would have found no Antidote for such envenom'd Viands.

In your old Phrase, say you,

“ The Fluid that circulates thro' the Vessels of the umbilical Region, in order to be for Nutrition, ought to be mild and absolutely destitute of acrimonious Juices; but where Acidity prevails, it is very far from being accommodated to that salutary Purpose. Instead of nourishing, it stimulates, abrades, and carries away a Part of the Solids; it corrodes, gnaws down and devillicates the extremely minute Vessels, to which those of the Brain are above all others subject, whence a Train of those frightful Symptoms, which are usually call'd Nervous, as Deliriousness, Convulsions, Epilepsies, Hysterics, Comas, or Watchfulness.”

Why, Doctor, if one Quarter of what you have asserted be true, our modern Loaves would be as fatal every Whit, as the forbidden Fruit was: And the Motto of every Baker's Door should be, written in black Letters,—Forbear, for the Day thou eatest hereof

Thou shalt surely die.

This one Consideration will bring upon you such a Train of other Considerations and Queries, that I am thoroughly persuaded, will strangely non-plus your most sagacious

Velvet Cap. First, Doctor, what Sort of Bread do your City Bakers eat? Such certainly as their own Ovens do produce. Now wou'd that Corinthian Face of yours not blush at the following Question? Do you think that any Baker in *England* would mix up Poison for himself and Family? Or can you imagine that whatsoever Bread he supplies his Customers with, he avoids swallowing any of it himself, with as much Circumspection, as a Doctor would one of his own Doses? No, no, my VAN CLUTTERBANK; I dare answer for it, that the Whole is mix'd together, and that they daily swallow more of their Bread, such as you unwarrantably assert it to be, in one Day, than your great Wisdom would venture to do of your *own* preparing *Boluses* in a Twelve-month.

In another short Paragraph, you most impudently and villainously assure us, "That you have seen a Quantity of Lime and Chalk, in the Proportion of One to Six, extracted from this Kind of Bread;" but for Fear the Lye should be too apparent, you silyly add, "Possible the Baker was not so expert at his Art to conceal it; the large Granules were visibly enough: Perhaps a more minute Analysis would have produced a much greater Proportion of these pernicious Materials."

Resum teneatis Amici?

HOR.

Most boldly and intrepidly advanced! and I suppose too, with your usual Regard to Truth. But you hardly considered that only allowing half a Pound more Lime to have been discovered in each Loaf, by a more minute Analysis, your

Inhabitants of the City of *London*, would daily eat up more Lime than, perhaps, all your Buildings that are about your Town. What an Advance must this make upon Lime? And how odd must it look to see Loads of this Cement driven by the Door of the *Mason* frequently, and instead, deliver'd in as regular as the Sacks of Meal to the *Baker*?

If I forget not, most marvelous Man! you have in *London*, a finer Sort of Bread, call'd a Brick. Allowing then, as you have frequently advanced, that Lime is to make it look the finer, and whiter, this Brick must have a larger Proportion of this happy Composition, and when hardened a little by Weather, must become as impenetrable as any of those which constituted the Walls of *Babylon*; for in *Ovid* the good Lady, the Foundress, is said,

Coëtilibus muris cinxisse Semyramis urbem.

That is, she surrounded the City with baked Walls. And don't you imagine, that after such a Mixture of Chalk, Allum and Lime, had been sufficiently hardened in an Oven, it would have stood firm in her Fortification! Doubtless, Doctor, doubtless: Ay and much better calculated for that Purpose, than for the Staff of Life.

Now I should be glad to know, how long the Bakers have set up their Brick-kilns, and have lessen'd their Trade with *Queen-Hytbe*; for notwithstanding all this Poison you make a Noise about, our Members of Parliament come from this dangerous poison'd Town in as good Health as usual, and their Voices on the unkenneled a Fox, or the starting

a Hare, shew their Lungs to be as sound and as healthy as ever.

According to this Scheme of turning Lime-stones into Bread, our Bakers do with Ease every Day, what on a certain Time the Devil would have puzzled the Deities to have performed as a Miracle.

The Bills of Mortality keep still within their old Bounds; and the hungry Sexton makes as heavy Complaints as he did before the fatal Bakers, according to your modest Account, conspired against the Health of your City. Nay, of the general Resource of People to *London*, we see no Alteration here on their Return, unless among the Young and Unwary. Some of these now and then have Reason enough to exclaim against the *London Ovens*. But is this any Reason you should be continually disclaiming in this Manner against an honest Sett of People that never injured you, or the Publick? Why do you keep railing at the Bakers with such Virulence, and yet daily eat of their Bread, and that too in Health and Safety? For of all the Disorders you say their Loaves produce, you don't hint to us in the least that you have felt the slightest Symptom.

I am fully convinced therefore, that what you have so vilely advanced, is a Series of continued Falsehoods, calculated to answer some dirty Design, for which you was most venally hired; and which hereafter I shall take more Notice of. And I know that at present *London* in the Phrase of a Physician, is now most unreasonably healthy; yes, too

healthy for you to live fairly on Fees : And therefore have taken upon you to write Libels for Bread. For was the Case otherwise, and you a Man of any Reputation, you would certainly have somewhat else to do.

Besides, your Situation in Life, if your absurd Accusation of the Baker was true, would lay you under some Obligations to them for introducing these fresh Disorders, arising from their male Practices, which must of Necessity encrease yours. For Gentlemen of your Profession thrive by PESTILENCE, as much as the *Farmers* do by FAMINE : Therefore you ought to have a greater Regard to your Benefactors, and have treated them with more Mildness and Discretion. What, *Satan* divided against himself, Doctor ! how will this end ? The Devil himself we are told can't stand this. Therefore you must away with your PRACTICE, or your PEN, for thus dangerously situated your House must fall.

But in your next Assertion, I think you have something not only horrible, as *Shakespear* says, to human Nature, and which you introduce too, with some Sort of Apology.—“ Nor are Allum,” say you, “ Lime and Chalk, the only pernicious Mixture employed by the Artifice of Bakers to abuse the People with ; there is another Ingredient more shocking to the Heart, and if possible more hurtful to the Health of Mankind : It must stagger human Belief,” you say, and right, Doctor, so it does ; and therefore you shall only just mention it to make it abhorr'd. “ It is averred by very credible Authority, that Sacks of old ground Bones are not unfrequently used by some of the Bakers, amongst their

other Impurities, to increase the Quantity and injure the Quality of Flour and Bread. The Charnel Houses of the Dead are raked, to add Filthiness to the Food of the Living."

Credite-Posteris! In the Name of Wonder, What could give you any Reason to think that this would ever, with the People that had the least Capacity of reflecting, gain any Credit? Why at this Rate a Man may happen to eat the Bone of his own Father's Nose in a butter'd Muffin for Breakfast, and swallow the *Os sacrum* of his Grannum in a Bread-Pudding for Dinner: A most happy Discovery this, Doctor, of yours, and was I lucky enough, which I am in a fair Way to be, to know your Name, it should

(——— *Si quid mea Carmina possent.*)

be immortal: an odd Combination this most assuredly; the Baker and Sexton in a League!

Non Ego. *Credat Apella Judeus!*

JUVENAL.

That there might be some Sort of Connection between the Sexton and the Doctor I never doubted; as they have an Opportunity of frequently playing into one another's Hands; but that the Baker should have so dirty a Concern with him, is too monstrous and unnatural, even to gain the least Share of Credit. Therefore, let an Enemy for once advise you, that if ever hence forward your Friend, that tempted Eve to eat, and you to write a Treatise on Eating, should ever be at you again to publish another abusive, lying Pam-

phlet, learn to fib with some Discretion, and let Probability at least be within View.

But instead of this you have written Page after Page against your own Conviction in particular, and that of Mankind in general, without the least Shadow, or Likeness of Truth, or Probability.

Is this the Duty you owe your Country? Consider whilst you are prating in this Manner, you prove nothing against the injured Men you are calumniating; your bare Assertion can carry little Weight with it, when the Health of the Millions that you say languish in "Arthritic, Rheumatic, and Scorbutic Cacochimies," are so many Evidences against you, and every Bit of Bread you daily swallow is a strong Testimony against your Pamphlet, and plainly proves that you did not believe one Word you had written. Human Nature is never more defaced than when it appears in the Character of a Lyar!

A cool deliberate malicious Lye!—The wise Man says, that "A Thief is better than a Man that is accustomed to lye; but they both shall have Destruction to their Inheritance. The Disposition of a Lyar is dishonourable, and his Shame is ever with him."

I question not at all but that the Reader by this Time is fully convinced of your Regard for Truth, and your Love for Virtue.

Oderunt peccare Boni virtutis amore.

This Author observes, that the Impious are in some Measure restrain'd from repeating their Villanies by the Fear of Punishment. But that the Well-disposed tremble at the very Thought of Crimes, from their Love to that which is right.

SENECA likewise describing an honest Man, does it in the following Words :

Vir bonus, quod honestè se facturum putaverit, faciet, etiamsi laboriosum erit : faciet, etiamsi damnosum erit : faciet, etiamsi periculosum erit. Rursus, quod turpe erit non faciet, etsi pecuniam affert, etiamsi Voluptatem etiamsi potentiam. Ab honesto nulla re deterrebitur.

An honest Man will neither be allured nor frightened from the Calls of his Conscience ; let them dictate to him a Thing never so dangerous he will do it ; be it attended with Fatigue unspeakable, he will do it : Nay, though highly to his Prejudice, he will do it : Nor can the most affrighting Danger deter him from the honest Purpose of his Heart ; no, still he will do it. How far wide then of this good Man must he be that can be *bought to traduce*, and *hired to calumniate* : And that too, a Sett of People to all Intents, innocent of the Crimes he has so foully accused them with. Nevertheless *calumniare fortiter & aliquid adhærebit*, lay it on strongly, and surely some of the Dirt will stick ! doubtless, but this is a cruel Saying, and to be found in the Mouths only of them that have *lying Lips*.

But, most merciful Sir, the over-acting your Part has in a great Measure disappointed your Plot, for not one scarce

believes you: 'Tis true indeed an old Woman here in the *West of England*, hearing that Lime and Chalk would not only innocently add to the Quantity, but also greatly inhance the Quality of the Bread, against the Day on which she had invited some of her distant Relations, heated well her Oven for this happy Mixture; but lo! at the Time of drawing,

Her Disappointment to her Cost was shewn,
She look'd for Bread, and she receiv'd a Stone.

This set her upon providing other Sort of Loaves for her Kinsfolks, amongst whom, on the fatal Day after Dinner, in Order to divert them, she produced this merry Monument of her Folly: They laugh'd heartily, and it ended in breaking up her Loaf with a Pick-axe, for no Knife, you must know, would touch it, and each pocketing a flinty Fragment of this new invented Brick. Therefore, believe me, my Friend and Physician, should the Bakers at *London* but once croud their Ovens with such a Composition as you have made up, the intraged Populace would not wait the slow Punishment of a legal Progress against them, but would immediately beat out their Brains with their own Bread.

———*Nec lex est justior ulla*

Quam necis Artifices, arte perire sua.

Now, before we quite shut up this Affair of Bread, let us hear what Dr. *Moffet* says on this Matter.—Good Bread, says that eminent Physician, is a Food necessary to the Life of Man, that whereas many Meats be loath'd naturally of some Persons, yet we never saw, read, nor heard of any Man,

that naturally hated Bread. The Reasons whereof I take to be these: First, because it is the Staff of Life, without which all other Meats would quickly putrefy in the Stomachs, or sooner pass through them than they should; whereupon Crudities, Belly-Worms, and Fluxes do arise to such Children or Persons, as either eat none or too little Bread. Again, neither Flesh, Fruit, or Fish, are good at all Seasons, for all Complexions, for all Times, for all Constitutions, and Ages of Men: But Bread is never out of Season, disagreeing with no Sickness, Age, or Constitution: And therefore truly call'd the Companion for Life. No Child so young but he hath Bread, or the Matter of Bread in his Pap. No Man so weak, but he eats it in his Broth, or sucks it out of his Drink. It neither inflameth the Choleric, nor cooleth the Phlegmatic, nor over moisteneth the Sanguine, nor drieth the Melancholic.—Now if the *Jews* ordered the Ox that treadeth out the Corn not to be muzzled, surely the Baker that maketh it into Bread ought to get a handsome Support, and to be treated with more Humanity than you, as a Christian, had treated him. Now I could wish you had observed in what plain Language Dr. *Moffet* delivers himself. How easy to be understood! I'll warrant you would not have said *Pap* on any Account in your mysterious Pamphlet; no, it must have been a *farinacious Food*; *prepared by a lacteal Decoction*; or, if you could have hit upon it, something less intelligible. Had any Baker within the Bills of Mortality but one tenth Part as much adulterated and poison'd his Bread, as you have our Language, he would have been necessary to

his own Execution, by being slain by the Steam of his Oven's Mouth.

Justitia est omnium dominus & regina Virtutum: ejus splendor maximus ex ea boni viri vulgo Justi appellantur. Justice, says Cicero, is of all Virtues the Mistress and Queen, she shines with a superior Splendor. It is from her that Men who have had every other Virtue, have been rightly distinguished *just*, as was *Aristides* among the *Greeks*. But this Goddess, Doctor, we see has no Charms for you. It is evident with what Injustice you have treated the Bakers, and undoubtedly upon a fair Inquisition we shall find that your righteous Dealing has not been more extensive to the Cornfactors and Miller.

“ The Farmer (say you) detains his Corn in his Storehouse, that the Price may advance; the Corn-dealer engrosses the Market; the Miller mixes the Flour with Abundance of Whiting, and the Baker does the same, with the Addition of more Ingredients; he also increases the Price, and impairs the just Weight of his Bread, which soon occasions all other Provisions to grow dear in Proportion, and of Course, a Scarcity ensues.

You may believe me, Doctor, I am as sick of your frequent and tedious Repetition of your *Lime, Allum, Chalk* and *dead Mens' Bones*, as if I had eaten nothing else this Week. Therefore having taken a Surfeit of it, shall drop it; and only ask you if the Farmers in our whole Island, could possibly agree together to rise the Price? No, Doctor, you know better, this is too absurd to have the least Answer made

to it: *rara est concordia fratrum*. It is in another Place, *The Shoe pinches*. 'Twould have been as plausible to have bro't All the Raisers and Dealers in Wool in *England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales*, combining together to inhance the Price of that valuable Commodity so high, that our Goods should be under-fold at every Foreign Market; and thereby our most inestimable Manufactories ruined at home.

This your Readers will no more swallow than your new-invented BREAD.

————— *Incredulus odi.* HOR.

'Tis as apparent as the Noon-day Sun, that our Stores are exhausted, and our Granaries empty; that there is little or no Corn in the Kingdom, besides the Crop of the Year 1757: 'Tis true, the Dearth is a *fartitious* one; but the Cause of it is neither the *Farmers, Mealmen*, nor *Millers*; but the devouring *Distillery* on the one Side, and an unregulated wasteful *Exportation* on the other. This will appear plain from the succeeding Considerations.

As to the *Distillery*, of *Malt Spirits*, as they falsely call it.—Should God bless us with constant Crops, superior to that which fore-ran the *Egyptian* Famine; I say, should our yearly Abundance double that Indulgence of *Pharaoh's*, the *Distillery* itself, that only, that never-satisfied voracious *Monster*, that *Sphinx* of our happy Harvests, let her but loose, and she will destroy more than a Moiety of the Wheat and Barley of our extensive Isle. The Fire of the Distillers is more fatal

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to our Corn Fields, than was *Sampson's* Foxes and Firebrands to those of the *Philistines*. They only burnt down the Corn, and the Mischief ceased; *These*, by a *destructive* and *fatal* Kind of *Chymistry*, convert the whole Harvest into a Liquid Flame, which at last burns to Death, and destroys the very LABOURERS of the FIELD.

*Impius hæc tam culta novalia Stillor habebit ?
Barbarus has segites ? en quo Stillatio cives
Produxit miseros ! en queis consecvimus Agros !*

Must we, for these *Distillers* plow and sow,
On these, on these, our happy Fields bestow ?
Alas ! what dire Effects from *Distillation* flow !

This is the grand Gluttony of Corn. In one of these small Works the Growth of Counties is worked up, both of Barley and Wheat, in one Season; and what was designed for *Bread* by God, by *Man* is converted into *Poison*; and such a *Poison* that our present Age not only dies with it, but That to come must feel the fiery Effects of it too. The FATHERS eat sower *Grapes*, and the *Sons* suffer for their Fault. Look about you in your own Streets, Doctor, and I question not but you'll find Thousands with Bones as marrowless as those in *Ezekiel's* Vision. Pale are their Faces as the Midnight Moon; with no Lustre in the Eye, no Rose on their Cheek, nor Cherry in their Lip; nothing to distinguish them to the Eye from the Dead but their Motion; and nothing to the Touch, but the Heat, not of Nature, but of that *Infernal Fire* which the *Distiller* has lighted up within them ! And this is made of the

fairest Barley, and the finest Wheat, that our Markets can produce. Heretofore, indeed MALT was the only Thing they drew this *evil Spirit* from ; but they find now, the better the Corn, the greater their Advantage. Of this not one Third is malted, but the Mixture of these great Works is according to the following Proportion, taken from one of these Mischiefs in Miniature, as follows,

Of the Best Wheat	—	—	18 Sacks
Raw Barley	—	—	16 ditto
Malt	—	—	16 ditto

This Bauble does not quite consume Thirty Thousand Bushels per Annum. But there is one on the *Severn*, of whose Swallow the following is the just Dimensions, 73 Quarters per Day, which, as they daily work, amounts to 3504 per Week, or according to the same Proportion, 182,208 Bushels per Year.

Yet this monstrous Voracity is but trifling, very trifling instead of Trading ; meer Dabbling instead of Dealing, in Comparison to the Consumption of many superior Works in, and about *London*, of which we shall only mention one, That at *Deptford*.

The mighty Mischiefs of these destructive Fires, if ever set to work upon Corn again, *which may God forbid*, the wisest LEGISLATURE cannot guard against ; for a *factitious Famine* can as well be caused in six Days as in six Months,

though not so sharply felt ; for at *different Places*, and by *different Agents*, two Millions of Bushels are as easily contracted for as two Quarters ; and this we will say at four Shillings per Bushel. Now if such a Quantity by these Mischief-Makers of great Fortunes is engaged to the making of Brandy, what will there be left for making Bread ? and what Price must that which is left yield ? Why, 'till we are supplied from Abroad, ten, twelve, or fourteen Shillings per Bushel. 'Tis true, the Legislative Power may say, you shall not work Grain after 'tis at such a Price. But this is shutting the Stable Door after the Horse is stolen : What Quantities may they have worked up before the Scarcity is discovered, and when the Price is set on rolling, who knows where it will stand ?

If the whole should not be expended in this mischievous Manner, the Quantities they have by them are sold at a very advanced Price, or the Poor must cry at their Gate in vain.

THUS the FAMINE we see is here in *Embrio*, while Corn is plenty, and at four Shillings ; but this INFANT SCARCITY stares us in the Face like a Giant, in a few Months ; so quick is *his* Growth, *when we shall cry for Help and there shall be none to deliver us !* And these Famines we can make ourselves, in Spight of God's Blessings : And have lately brought it upon us to such a Perfection, that we were almost in as deplorable a State as a the unhappy *Jews*, pent up by so long a Siege. For to the Reproach of them that caused this FACITIOUS FAMINE, I hope it will be long remembered ;

That the Children and Sucklings of the Poor swooned in the Streets of our City. That the Infants cried to their Mothers, and said, Where is our Corn and our Bread? When they swooned, as the wounded in the Gate! When their Souls were poured out into their Mother's Bosom! This DISTILLERY alone can do. But when to this devouring Fiend, Exportation becomes a joint Partner! *Then is the Land consumed away; she is covered with a Cloud, and mourneth:* Or as *Shakespear* says, *This is to cry, Havock! and let slip the Giant Dogs of WANT.*

Not that I think Distillation and Exportation, ought entirely to be laid aside; no, there should be ever a due Regard paid to the landed Interest; Wheat should be kept as near as possible to forty Shillings, and Barley to twenty per Quarter; this would give the Poor a comfortable Loaf, and encourage the Ploughman enough at the same Time, to *whistle over the furrow'd Lands.*

From this FURY of Fire, the kind Senate of the Land has for some Time delivered us: And if ever it is let loose upon us again, Oh, may the ever watchful Guardians of our Good in Pity limit its Devastation! May the fairest Wheat of our once happy Island never again become a Prey to it! And if our Barley must be sacrificed! may it be made to contribute to the Revenue as much as possible first; and may not one Grain of it be fermented that has not paid a Malt Duty. Thus *some Good* might come as it were out of *Evil*; and this would be obliging the Devil himself, as it were, to do us some Service.

I could heartily wish that the Gentlemen, whose Fortunes are now engaged in Fermentation, had other Employments, equally advantageous to themselves; and less injurious to the Community. I doubt not but there are a great many worthy Gentlemen thus unfortunately disposed of: To these I now address myself,—That if any of my Sentences in Regard to them seem to have too bitter a Period; let them consider, 'tis the Art I exclaim against, not the Men: And as a farther Palliation be it pleaded in my Behalf,

Vicit amor PATRIÆ

'Twas thus, and thus, the LOVE of my COUNTRY made me say.

The next great Enemy the Poor has, and that in its Turn, contributes to make an *artificial Scarcity*, is EXPORTATION, and that with a BOUNTY; by which Means one Part of my Countrymen are too much encouraged to starve the other.

The avaricious Merchant, untaught, unable to be poor, mercilessly sweeps off, what the Distiller has left, till the beauteous smiling Face of PLENTY is seen amongst us no more. But, oh! sad Sight! the pale meagre Visage of Famine succeeds in her Room, introduced by the griping Hand of EXPORTATION.

And this succeeds Distillery, to our great Comfort, as of old, the LOCUST did the PALMER WORM; the Former and these are never stop'd 'till the People are almost starv'd.—

'Tis true that the Poor cry when they see this Monster at a Distance: But the Mighty in the Land have not Ears to hear him, Eyes to see him, or Hands to fasten up it's Mouth, 'till Want come among them as an armed Man, and FAMINE like Pains upon a Woman in Travail.

I question not but the Design of Bounties were good, and that the original Application was justifiable and right. Most certainly the chief Aim of them was to encourage a Demand for our Goods at foreign Markets, by enabling us to sell as cheap or cheaper than others; but to fix the true Value of any Thing, the *Quality* as well as the *Quantity* must be taken into Consideration. But for Want of that Consideration, that which should be our Island's Comfort, becomes its Curse. The Corn-Trade is certainly a most valuable one, and to hint any Thing that might hurt it, is not only unpopular, but unpardonable; yet to say that it is ill-managed, and not made the most of, and that the Bounty is most highly abused, is true, apparently true, beyond all Contest; and this is highly worth the most attentive Consideration of the wisest of Parliaments.

When we look into History, we shall find that it has ever been the adopted Maxim of the People best governed, not to dispose of the Produce of their Country, 'till they have manufactured it to the highest Degree. And why should not we Britons act altogether as wisely? In Regard to our Coin, to our Iron, Copper, Tin, &c. we constantly do this: Nay, in our Woollen we export the finest Cloths; nor

can any Manufactory of Europe at foreign Markets command such a Price. Why then should not the same Advantage attend our Corn? Why is not our Harvest manufactured before it is exported, to the highest Degree? Instead of being sent abroad in such a manner that it must be a Reproach to our Skill, or our Honesty? For every Quarter we dispose of, at distant Markets, proclaims the Merchant that exports it either a FOOL or a KNAVE, as will hereafter too plainly appear.

Should the Legislator once so far consider this as to make an Act that no Corn should be sent hence, but what had been thoroughly manufactured; Foreigners then would be obliged to pay for the Art and Labour of Thousands that are at home.

For Instance; if all Wheat for Exportation, before it went Abroad was to be ground, dress'd, and then put into Sacks or Casks, of our own manufacturing, as the *French* do, it would furnish Employment for vast Numbers of our most useful People. The Landlord and Tenant of Corn-Mills, the Miller, the Carpenter, the Smith, the Brazier, the Millwright, with the numerous Traders and Artificers the Exporter is of Necessity connected with. The Grower, the Buyer, and Comber of Wool; the Spinner, the Weaver, the Maker and Manufacturer of Bolting or Dressing Cloths; the Hemp-dresser, the Spinner, the Weaver, the Maker and Trader of Sacks, do actually share amongst them, and receive in the Whole more for every Quarter of Wheat-

Flour sent Abroad in Sacks, of our own manufacturing, than is allotted by the Government for the Exporter. And the Offal arising from Corn thus manufactured, would fatten Thousands of Hogs for the Navy, in a Manner much superior to the Distillers Wash.

Besides, six Bushels and a Half of Wheat, make no more than one Sack of Flour; so *that* unmanufactured, the Government pays a Debenture of one Third more than is necessary, that is, for *meer Brans*. How many thousand Pounds in a Year in this one Article might be saved? Though the same Quantity of Food should annually be sent to foreign Markets; especially when we consider the Danger of the Seas, the springing a Leak, or shipping Water by any other Accident; or should the Vessel be stranded, and the Cargo of Flour be under Water for seven Days, it would not receive as much Damage as the Wheat in seven Hours. It is well known that our Wheat is sown in too northern a Climate to be dried and hardened enough by the Sun in a Voyage. On which Account, many a Cargo though much wanted at foreign Markets, has been thrown overboard; when at the same Port, had this Succour been sent to them in Flour, it would have sold perhaps equal, if not superior to any there. For all Countries justly and freely acknowledge that the manufacturing of Corn into Flour, is brought to a greater Perfection in *England* than in any other Parts whatsoever. Our Improvement in Flour-making is much superior to the Estimate the British Parliament set on it, or is aware of; for I am well assured that our Mills for bolting and grinding, are

brought to such Perfection at this present Time, that our MEALMEN, to their great Credit be it spoken, make as much Flour out of twenty Bushels of Wheat, and full as good, as their Fathers did out of twenty-one. And what is this but to cause Art so far as to assist Nature, that the Mealmen's Skill fairly produces what the Fields has denied; as the Inhabitants of our Island are generally computed at eight Millions, two Hundred and eighty Thousand, nine Hundred and Fifty-two.

This I could wish the Parliament would observe, could never have been done, had not Men of Fortune, to the great Advantage of their Country, adventured in the MEAL Trade, and at hazardous and great Expences, brought their Mills to so advantageous a Perfection. Therefore it greatly behoves the wise Senate of our Nation, that this useful Set of Men be at all Times supported, and their Mills and Corn most strenuously protected against *Wrong* and *Robbery*, and their Persons ever watchfully preserved from the cruel Insolence of a bloody merciless *Rabble*.

For if twenty-one thousand Souls can be as well fed with the same Number of Bushels of Wheat as twenty of old used to be, what is this but to add an one-and-twentieth every Year to the general Stock, and to replenish, as it were, the Flour of our Land without a MIRACLE. 'Twould be well worth while for the Lovers of their Country to consider what a surprising Advantage this must be to the whole Kingdom, at a Time when our Crops are not so heavy as at other Seasons, thus artificially to fill the Bushel so many thousand

Times more than they could formerly have done it. Surely the Advantage of manufacturing thus the Corn of the whole Nation, must be greatly considerable. And in just Proportion, (let me repeat it again) ought ever to value

The MEALMEN of our Isle.

AS to the CORNFACTORS, who prudently bestow their Fortune in the Time of Plenty and Abundance, by laying up large Quantities of Corn, *not to create*, but as far as human Foresight can, *prevent*, a future Famine. To these Men in their Turns too, is our Nation most highly obliged. Store-houses, Granaries, &c. &c. suppose the Being of such as these Men of old; and Histories both holy and prophane set forth their Usefulness. By the Foresight and Care of one of these, we are told in the *Old Testament*, that, not only the Land of *Egypt*, but the Lands also circumjacent, were in the Time of a seven Years Famine, wholly preserved. For this laying up of Corn of his, you may read what Opinion his King had of him, you may see in the early Histories of the Sons of Men, in the following Words; *And Pharaoh said unto his Servants* (speaking of *Joseph* his CORNFACTOR, for we find it was He, that first laid it up, and then sold it out to the People) *Can we find such a one as this is?* Then turning again to this wonderful Counsellor, he says, *There is none so discreet and wise as thou art: Thou shalt be over my House, and according to thy Word shall my People be ruled, only in the Throne will I be greater than thou.*—

And Pharaoh took off his Ring from his Hand, and put it on Joseph's Hand, and arrayed him in Vestures of fine Linen, and put a Gold Chain about his Neck. I could heartily wish that the Merchants of these Times were as provident as they were of old. And that publick Granaries were appointed by every Government, How serviceable this would be to a Commonwealth, the superior Maxim of the very BEES and ANTS annually shew us.

These in the Time of Plenty secure every Year a Part of the Harvest against the Days of Hunger, and their future Famine. The King of the Hive is for ever surveying their Labours, and the Subjects most chearfully contribute to the publick Good. When we copy the Cares of this Commonwealth, the King then becomes more deservedly dear to us, is distinguished by the most tender Appellation of the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY; for like the kind commiserating Parent of a private Family, *He giveth us our Meat in due Season; he openeth his Hand, and we are filled with Good.* The Subjects then, that, in some Measure, supply his Place, and at the Risque of their private Fortunes, for the publick Good, fill up the seeming Vacancies of the Royal Duty, ought to be treated with particular Regard. For whoever will enquire into the State of the City of BRISTOL, in our late Artificial Famine, will find that had not these necessary Men thought more of us than we did of ourselves, the Poor must inevitably have perished, and even the industrious Tradesman struggled hard for Bread. Yet these are the very Men you vilify without Reason, and rail at without a Cause. But whilst I am concluding, I hear that you are obliged for

Fear of meeting with Justice, to fly your City. That the Magistracy having taken proper Notice of your malicious Invectives, and called on you for some Proofs for what you had so falsely and impiously advanced, you was obliged to own the Whole a L Y E, by making your Escape from the Town into the Country where your Obscurity is now your Refuge. There may you be obliged to stay 'till Poverty urges you to ask the Injured Pardon, by making you sensible of your Crime. And then may a most solemn and serious Recantation be the only Terms of your Re-admission.



The following P O E M,

On the elegant and happy Situation of Mr. PAGE's Country Seat in Gloucestershire, near the City of BRISTOL, built according to his own Plan, is humbly inscrib'd to that Worthby Gentleman, by his School-Fellow and Friend.

SHALL POPE's fair Forest flourish in his Page,
 And triumph o'er the baffl'd Winter's Rage?
 Must COOPER's-Hill, when sung by DENHAM's Muse,
 It's long liv'd Oaks to raging Time refuse?
 And thou, oh BARTON-LODGE! remain so long,
 Untun'd in Verse, and unadorn'd in Song?
 No,—in my Lays, like *Windsor* shall be seen,
 Unfall'n thy Leaves, and permanent thy Green.

* Very little but Sweet Box built on a beautiful Eminence, on the Skirts of the Wood.

Oh happy Architect! who could contrive,
 That Beauty, with Convenience thus shou'd strive!
 Within thy narrow Walls, together meet,
 All that's commodious, elegant and sweet;
 Where Harmony and Grace are seen to smile,
 Tho' far more large and lofty be the Pile
 Of gorgeous Dives, yet thy Guests shall find
 A warmer Welcome and a Host more kind:
 To shew his House, and not his Heart HE's seen
Proudly to bid the Traveller COME IN;
 What tho' no gilded Roof, no silken Bed
 With thee supports the weary Strangers Head;
 Yet in thy Villa lodg'd well pleas'd he'll see
 The Comforts and the Charms of Decency.

—— Health is the Salt of Life; it's sure to give
 A Relish to each Morsel we receive;
 If bless'd with that, each merry Meal is sweet,
 Ev'n coarsest Viands then are savory Meat!
 Whilst the sick Stomach loaths what e'er shall come,
 And turns from richest Feasts, the Honey-Comb;
 The Loss of Appetite, who can repine
 Round such a Hill, in such an Air as thine?
 That Air in which the happy, hoary Swain
 His eightieth Year does vigorously attain
 Unworn with Languor, and unvex'd with Pain.
 Lo! from thy Lodge, what various Prospects rise;
 Here Fields of Corn with Pleasure meet our Eyes,

The rich Pastures on both Sides the Avon, appearing from his Parlour.

There in rich Pasture bleating Sheep appear,
 And well fed Oxen bless the Master's Ear ;
 Whilst on *Avon*'s Bank the Mower blythe,
 Joyous of such Crop betunes his Scythe :
Avon, whose gentle Stream does smiling stray
 Thro' other fertile Counties in her Way,
 Counties, whose Land may be both rich and fine
 But *Gloster*! richer is that Land of thine :
 Sweet OVID sung that Oaks of theretofore,
 In scanty Sort, wild yellow Honey bore.
 Tuns after Tuns, thy Oak did once produce,
 ' Sugars as sweet and much more fit for Use,
 Oh happy Trees of you it may be said,
 You bore this Crop of Wonder tho' when dead,
 Hail favo'rite Forrest! whilst unfell'd thy Wood,
 A Magazine to neighb'ring Towns it stood.
 Th' freezing Peasant, and, his Lord the 'Squire,
 Felt equal Comforts round thy chearful Fire!
 'Till with the sounding Ax's fatal Stroke,
The injur'd Grove confess'd its Want of Oak,
 Ye Foresters, Oh whither will you fly,
 In this Distress? what Remedy is nigh!
 Bewilder'd Folks are often at a Stand,
 When a prevailing Remedy's at hand,
 Guided by Providence the Joyous go
 And fetch up Fire redundant from below.

* Authors say that the first Ships built in BRISTOL, were from the Timber of this Forest, and not those of *Dean*.

Where in sulphureous Beds Materials lye,
 Enough even distant Regions to supply,
 For, Coals exchang'd from flaming *Kingwood's* Soil,
 Bless their black Lords, with Corn, and Wine and Oil :
 What Loads of Riches we in *Bristol* meet,
 And sable Yeomen roar in every Street ;
 Each Artizan by Turns his Produce shares
 And gladly barter for the Colliers Wares ;
 Proud, in the bitter Times of Frost and Snow ;
 What *Kingwood* Kern does his own Merit know ?
 Butchers and Bakers then, with all their Soul
 Will fondly truck their Best of Wares for Coal :
 With Teeth so white our coal-black Merchant comes,
 Aloud demands the Tribute of our Looms,
 Then in his Sack quite nasty, is it flung
 And carelessly across his Shoulders swung.
 What Money can, that can these Colliers do
 Ye Sons of *India*, this is their *Peru*,
 For Gold and Silver it produces too. }
 In early Times how few the Men were seen
 To skirt that Forest, or to cross that Green :
 To savage Beast the flying Hart a Prey,
 To savage Hunters, much more fierce than they :
 Joyless and 'lone, benighted Strangers pass'd,
 By none directed, thro' this dreary Waste,
 How chang'd the Scene ! how pleasant to our Eyes !
 A Thoulend peaceful Cottages arise ;

Where the insatiate ^a Wolf was want to prowl,
 And scare th' unhappy Pilgrim with his Howl.
 There now the friendly Voice of Man you hear,
 Who chearfully salute the list'ning Ear;
 But yet the reasoning ^e Slaves, alas, we find
 To every Thing celestial wholly blind,
 How gross their Ignorance! their Hearts how dark!
 No Ray of Light was seen, no heavenly Spark!
 But when a modern Druid did enquire
 How sad their State, He strung his sounding Lyre;
 Around his sounding Lyre, the Miners thrung,
 Charm'd with his Voice, they blest'd him as he sung:
 He sang of *Paradise*, the happy State,
 Then sweetly mourn'd our fallen Parents' Fate:
 But how the wond'rous Bard his Voice did raise?
 How tun'd his Chords, to sing his Saviour's Praise?
 The ready Strings were joyful seen to move,
 Whilst in his lofty Lays he sung his Love:
 " Who wast descended from the Realms on high,
 And left the happy Mansions of the Sky!
 Who did the ceaseless Joys of Heaven forego,
 For Shame, Revilings, Penury and Woe!
 Who did exchange the Musick of the Spheres,
 For human Wailings, and a Vale of Tears!
 Who laid his great Omnipotence aside
 Became a Child with us, and for us dy'd!

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^a Our Forrests were formerly full of Wolves, which pinched with Hunger, would fall on and devour the unhappy Traveller.

^e The *Kingwood* Men were as ignorant as the *Hottentots* of the Cape, 'till humaniz'd by the indefatigable Pains of a learned Jesuit.

These wondrous Things, Oh CHRIST! were done by
Thee,

To save our hapless Race from Misery :

Oh happy Day! oh most stupendous Birth!

In Heaven is Gladness, and Good-will on Earth,

Th' attentive Wood was ravish'd as he sung,

“ And Truths Divine came mended from his Tongue!

“ Victorious Tenderness! it all o'ercame;

Colliers look'd mild, and Savages grew tame.



To the *Illustrious Thieves* of St. Ginnis, in
CORNWALL.

An unhappy Gentleman lately cast away on their merciless Coast,

SENDETH GREETING,

HAIL you! most harden'd of the Human Kind,
From whom the Wretched, Help nor Pity find.
Against another's Woes, your Hearts you arm,
Laugh at the Tempest, and enjoy the Storm.
Well pleas'd, you watch the lab'ring Vessel tost,
And shout to hear her dash'd upon your Coast.
Nay, shou'd the Winds relenting at their Woe,
Lull, but a while, more merciful than you;
By false deluding Lights,* you make a Grave,
For them, the appeased Tempest fain wou'd save.

* They tie up a Horse's Leg along their rocky Shore, with a Candle fastened to his Tail in order to imitate the Ship's Motion; thus deluded, the poor unhappy Crew perish: Or, should they to save their Lives climb

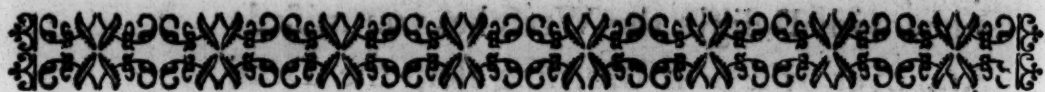
View with Delight the Wretches you misled,
 And overjoy'd next Morning strip the Dead.
 With Rapin sieze the injur'd Merchants Store,
 Then bless your Guile that led them to your Shore:
 So *Satan* tempts the wand'ring Sons of Men,
 With pleasing Scenes, 'till safe within his Den;
 Then grins malicious o'er their sad Despair,
 Charm'd with those dear Deceits that brought them there:
 Your Land had many Saints;* but those are dead,
 And Devils now are reigning in their Stead:
 Yet hear my Vows! ye Fiends, your Lives renew,
 For Devils once could hear and tremble too.
 Resume the Mercy that you long have lost,
 Nor tempt the Midnight Stranger to your Coast.
 And if kind Pity can touch such a Breast,
 Instead of murd'ring, succour the Distress'd:
 Then may old *Charon* so direct his Oar,
 That *Cornish Men* may reach a happy Shore.

O 2

their Rocks, they often, too often, are murder'd on the Summit of them, by these unrelenting Boors; using the Crew worse than the Devil of old, did the Sons of *Job*, without leaving one to say to the plunder'd Merchant, "I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

* Most of their Sea-port Towns being dedicated to some Saint, which made a merry Tar say, that escap'd their Treachery, there were more Saints in *Cornwall*, than *Cornish Men* in Heaven.





*Sent to my Son and his Wife lately married, wrapp'd round the
Stems of two Roses, that grew together.*

OBSERVE, my Dears, this double Rose,
The mutual Sweets of Marriage shews;
How fondly twine they on one Stem,
May You my Children grow like them!
Together still, still fragrant be
The Glory of your Parents Tree;
And when some Scores of Summers Dew,
Has overblown my SAM and You,
Then may your falling Leaves declare
How blest, how sweet, your Blossoms were.



*Wrote, not Extempore, but in an Hour, whilst the Nurse went
to the Basket-Maker, for the Child's Chair.*

ACCEPT, dear JEM, this little Chair,
An Emblem of thy Father's Care,
Who toils to see his Boy supply'd
With whatsoe'er he wants beside.
May each Disease the Learned name,
That racks the little Infant's Frame,
Far from this Chair, my dear One fly,
Far, as the Centre from the Sky;
Far, as from Peace the haughty Breast;
Far, as the troubled Sea from Rest;

Far, as from Indolence the Bee;
 Far, as my Heart from slighting Thee.
 May nothing vex thy little Mind,
 May to thy Wish thy Nurse prove kind.
 Fondly thy Infant Wants supply,
 And watch Thee with a Mother's Eye;
 No Hours of Anguish may'st thou see,
 May Health and Joy play round thy Knee,
 And Infant Smiles for ever grace
 The manly Beauties of thy Face,
 'Till Time shall ripen Thee to Man,
 And wasted is thy Father's Span:
 Then to his Age mayst thou repay,
 The Care he shew'd thy op'ning Day;
 May thy strong Arm support thy Sire,
 As feebly tott'ring round the Fire,
 Conduct him to his Wicker Chair,
 And guard him as he slumbers there:
 'Till Nature no more Life supplies,
 And weeping thou shalt close his Eyes.



*To the Ungrateful Mr. S——s, who ran from his Bail, (my
 Friends) but was taken, and now pines in Jail.*

A P O E M.

RANGER, a Dog of special Scent,
 That made his Way where'er he went:
 Each Neighbour's Cupboard held his Prey,
 If BETTY did not turn the Key;

And DOL her Negligence deplores,
 If but unlock'd she leaves her Doors.
 Where'er the Children fed he hasted,
 And took great Care that naught was wasted;
 So keen was he for ev'ry Crumb,
Young Master hardly sav'd bis Thumb,
 Yet maugre all his sharking Skill,
 By Day he ne'er came at his fill;
 This made him ramble ev'ry Night,
 To satisfy his Appetite;
 But scamp'ring in the Dark abroad,
 Unluckily he miss'd his Road;
 'Twas then the thievish Rambler fell,
 O fatal Tumble! in the Well.
Almost as dark was that same Night
As ASH———'s Conscience, but not quite,*
 For his, is of a blacker Hue,
 Than e'er benighted Egypt knew.
 The Cur in so forlorn a Station
 Set up a woeful Ejaculation,
 Rous'd all the Neighbourhood around.
 Not one to pity him was found;
Unhappy Ranger! wretched Fate!
To have the universal Hate.
 Eager he bark'd whilst he had Strength,
 But to no Purpose, 'till at length;
 Quite wearied out and wanting Breath,
 And almost sinking down to Death,

* A worthy Gentleman, who being discharg'd from Newgate by Sir
 J—— P———'s Charity, went directly to mob his Party, and swore he
 wou'd have voted against him had he had a Voice.

Some Farmer lent his helping Hand,
 And brought the *Dog* quite up to Land,
 From whence Astrologers profound,
 Guess *Ranger was not to be drown'd*;
 Tho' their Fore-knowledge be but slight,
 These Folks sometimes are in the Right;
 As shall appear, if we are able,
 In the Conclusion of this Fable.
 For lo the Cur, when once he found
 Himself safe landed on dry Ground,
 Pretends he Reason had to think,
 The Friend that hawl'd him to the Brink,
 Squeez'd somewhat hard, *so* turn'd about,
 And bit the Hand that help'd him out.
 A sad Dog this! The Farmer said,
 Slipping an Halter o'er his Head,
 Then swung him on a neighbouring Tree,
 And left him -- as thy Friends have thee.



T H E
 Fatal DREAM: Or, The Unhappy Favourite.
 An ELEGY.

————— *Quis talia fundo*
Temperet a Lachrymis ————— VIRG.

WEEPING *Melpomene* assist my Lays!
 Whilst I unhappy *Tysey* mourn and praise.

Deny'd thy Aid what Bard presumes to tell
 How lov'd he liv'd, or how lamented fell!
 Come, then thou mournful Sister of the Nine,
 Come, aid this plaintive, elegiac Strain!
 So shall my Verse to future Times deplore
 The beauteous, breathless *Tysey*, now no more.

Ye little happy Brutes, on whom the Fair
 Bestow their Morning and their Evening Care;
 That rob the injur'd Lover of his Bliss,
 And lick those Lips, he scarce presumes to kiss;
 Whose shaggy Limbs too often do supply,
 The Place where hapless *Damon* ought to lie.
 Hear *Tysey's* Fate! O shun the tempting Snare!
 And by his Ills forewarn'd your own beware.

BETTY just now had wash'd my little *Tyfe*,
 And dry'd him on a Cloth, so clean, so nice!
 Had dandled him an Hour upon her Knee,
 And from his little Noddle pick'd each Flea,
 Had comb'd, and kiss'd, and danc'd this finest Spark,
 That e'er did wag a Tail, or ever bark.

Cock'd was this Tail of his, his Skin was Snow,
 Conscious he strutted like a very Beau,
 And BETTY to adorn his shaggy Neck,
 With Crimson Velvet did the Spark bedeck,
 Then brought him to her sleepy Madam's Bed;
 And on her milk-white Bosom laid his Head.

So innocently deck'd, the Lambkin lies,
 Till breathless on the *Altar* stretch'd he dies.
 For, lo! poor *Tysey* in a hapless Time,
 By wand'ring Southward to some warmer Clime,
 Unluckily had left those Hills of Snow,
 And dy'd a Martyr in the Vale below.
 For *Morpheus*, God of Dreams, who now possess'd
 With warmest Images her Virgin Breast,
 Presented NIMROD * to the burning Dame,
 NIMROD that mighty Hunter of the Game.

Charm'd with the Form the unreserved Maid,
 Her every ripen'd Beauty open laid:
 Freely admits him to her glowing Breast,
 Till the unrival'd Youth had all possess'd.
 Fully she's bent to quench her am'rous Flame;
But Maidens this was only in a Dream!

Pour in the Balm of Love, oh heal my Smart,
 Still nearer yet, and nearer to my Heart
 The panting Virgin cry'd, then strongly thrice,
 Within her lovely Thighs embrac'd poor *Tyse*.
 The little Brute unable to sustain
 Such strong Convulsions and such mighty Pain,
 On the dear Spot expir'd, ——— here *CHLOE* 'woke,
 And finding the Delusion weeping spoke:
 Hear, *Delia*, hear, oh *Dian*, give thy Aid,
 And help, in Pity help, thy mournful Maid.

P

* A Country 'Squire that courted her.

When the swift Antelope shall loose his Speed;
 When rural 'Squires shall LOCK and MILTON read;
 When Doctors shall look great in little Wigs;
 When our grave Bishops Hornpipes dance and Jigs;
 When HORWOOD † on his Fiddle plays one Tune;
 When skeeting shall divert us here in June;
 Then, only then, shall my dear Tysey be
 Forgotten by his fond PENELOPE §.



An Invitation to a young Lady to write Verse.

COME my DELIA, come and stray
 Thro' the fragrant flow'ry Way,
 That leads to *Pindus*, why afraid,
 My trembling, modest, blushing Maid;
 When thou shalt come with Voice so Thrill,
 Our Maids will hail thee from their Hill;
 Caught with that jaunty Air of thine,
 They'll surely think thee of the Nine,
 And *Clio* peeping from above,
 Shall swear by *Cupid*, God of Love,
 If I have Eyes it must be she,
 Aye 'tis — 'tis our *Calliope*;
 Who happen'd to be gone the while,
 To help the Laureat of our Isle,

† The vile Crowdero of that Neighbourhood, whose Noise was the very Reverse of Harmony.

§ The Lady who so fondly wept the Dog.

With Tropes of Eloquence to fit
 The Arms of *Britain*, and her *PITT*:
 But if by Chance on nearer View,
 They find my Maid 'twas only you,
 They'll vex, that *Jove* shou'd so confine
 The Muses to the Number Nine;
 They'll pout all Day—I know they will,
 'Till you come scamp'ring to the Hill.

E. C.

~~~~~  
*The Young Lady's APOLOGY for not accepting the Invitation.*

**S**HOULD DELIA with your Praise elated,  
 Snatch at the Hook so finely baited,  
 And with delusive Hopes pretend,  
 The Hill of *Pindus* to ascend,  
 Wou'd not the Muses wond'ring say?  
 This Stranger sure, mistakes the Way,  
 'Till she presents your Billet-deaux;  
 Which, when they find it comes from you  
 Their dearest Minion, choicest Friend,  
 To welcome her they'll condescend.  
 But Ah! the Error soon they'll find,  
 Too rudely polish'd is her Mind,  
 With little Fancy, Taste, no Skill,  
 They'll send her scamp'ring from their Hill.





The BARBER's Wife well trimm'd:

O R,

Gentle ROBBIN and Rude MOLL.

A S A T Y R.

In Imitation of Mr. OLDHAM's peculiar Manner.

**H**ASTE hence ye gentle Maids, haste hence away,  
Ye Muses shun me, while I write the Fray;  
Rage, and War's Rumours, Rioting you fly,  
Nor Broils, nor Battles, please a Maiden's Eye.

But come ye Furies, and *Bellona* fierce,  
And as the Conflict rages, fire my Verse;  
That bloody Wives may spare their Husbands Face,  
Or be expos'd as MOLL, thy Bottom was.  
'Twas on the hapless twenty-ninth of *May*,  
Oh may all Shrews, for ever weep that Day,  
That MOLL, of loudest Scolds, the lawful Queen  
Bare as a Bird's, thy very Bum was seen,  
Expos'd to ev'ry Coxcomb round the Court,  
The Object of their Wonder, and their Sport.

But *Homer* in his Verse first gives the Name,  
And then, informs you, whence each Hero came.

The Bard I'll imitate in ev'ry Line,  
 But what are *Homer's Wars*, to these of mine,  
 Far from the West, our gentle ROBBIN came  
 Of honest Parents, tho' unknown to Fame;  
 Slight, yet well fashion'd, was this comely Boy,  
 Ruddy his Cheeks, and in his Eyes was Joy;  
 His Heart, unvex'd, quite tender,—vex'd, severe;  
 Fit, for the fondest Maiden — or, his Dear.  
 His Arm was very active, stout and strong,  
 Steady he drove the azure Blade along.  
 Not only that cou'd gentle ROBBIN drive,  
 But Battledores besides, or ask his Wife.  
 His Wife, who at his Heels was ever seen,  
 Fierce were her Looks, her Voice was shrill, and keen;  
 Keen as her Eye, which singled out her Bob  
 From all the Court, but oh unhappy Job!

Now quiet ROBBIN was not fond of Ale,  
 But active Tennis, was the Boy's Regale;  
 At this he sometimes play'd, but 'twas for Health,  
 But play, when e'er he wou'd, it was by Stealth;  
 For MOLL wou'd come, and interrupt his Sport,  
 And roaring drive poor *Tonfor* from the Court.  
 'Till on the Twenty-ninth, when MOLLY flies  
 At Gentle ROBBIN, to —*tear out his Eyes*\*.  
 Deeply entrench'd her Nail, the Savage stood,  
 And mark'd each Cheek, with running Streams of Blood.  
 Nor wou'd this cool her Rage, but stooping down  
 She seiz'd a Battledore, that strew'd the Ground;

\* A kind Word she had when she was fond of him.



Resolving at one Blow to make him sick  
 Of Tennis, but her Husband was too quick,  
 For nimble ROBBIN caught, between his Knees  
 MOLL's Head, which he most lovingly did squeeze,  
 Then in his Ire, he turns up every Thing  
 And smacks her, 'till the front and side Walls ring.  
 The Court all laughs aloud, MOLL vanquish'd flies,  
 And conqu'ring ROBBIN now *ne'er fears his Eyes*.  
 In Memory the Landlord keeps the Board,  
 How ROBBIN smack'd her, and how MOLLY roar'd!

If blest'd with Tropes, most chearfully I'd sing  
 Our routed Amazon, and whence her Spring.  
 I'd say it was in Spite, that she was made  
 A loud, a low bred, brawling, bullying Jade.  
 Of all choice marry'd Plagues was she the worst,  
 Rugged her Face, and in her Temper, curst;  
 Rage in her Heart, the Devil in her Meni,  
 Brutish her Accent, and her Phrase obscene.  
 All this by Birth, by Breeding she was more,  
 For MOLL was bred an Evidence and W——e;  
 W——e to the vilest Dog that ever dy'd,  
 Witness for one, that never spoke, but ly'd.  
 If on Occasion, call'd upon, she'd swear  
 The Seas were dropless, and the Rocks were Air;  
 Cou'd sign false Deeds to ruin honest Men,  
 Then bless the Day she ever held a Pen;  
 Swear Truth was Falsehood, all God's Judgments, Jokes,  
 And that C——s W——s and she were honest Folks.

Oh, gentle ROBBIN, why was she thy Bride?  
 Why didst thou lay this Devil by thy Side?  
 If for thy Sins thou'rt marry'd, thou hadst more  
 Than of the wicked't Barbers, half a Score.  
 But if Folks feel their Share of Torment here,  
 Heaven is thy own hereafter, never fear,  
 And if that can be bought, you've bought it dear.

}

Whilst she most certainly must sink below,  
 For what above, she made *thee* undergo;  
 Where if good *Satan* lays her on like thee,  
 Whipp'd to some Purpose will thy Sprunny be;  
 Each Lash, each Stroke, will put thy Spouse in mind  
 Of us, poor injur'd Folks, she left behind.  
 Thro' Hell's Domains she'll feel the whirling Thong,  
 As pittylefs the Monster howls along.

\*\*\*\*\*

From C H E W.

To my Friend Mr. DAVID HOPKINS, of OXFORD.

*O* *H tu post nullos memorande,*  
 Observe the Effects of drinking Brandy!  
*Quod nuper flammis torfit jecur,*  
 Of Friend *John Peace's* Wife the Speaker,  
*Sybilla folia leges hic,*  
 As she fell off, *Moll Wait* fell sick;  
*Et moritur eadem morte,*  
 Dame *Adams*, e'er she had seen Thirty,



*Sic tres jucundæ feminæ*  
 But yet from such deliver me;  
*Ut fatis visum fuit fas*  
 Got drunk, then took their parting Glass;  
*Sed dic; nam scis, amande frater*  
 What sent them packing, Fire or Water;  
 J—— B—— *qui semper nos amavit*  
 That they expir'd in Flames will have it.  
*Si Aqua, non fuit Aqua Vitæ*  
 The Effect prov'd that, dear DAVE good by t'ye.



*On Miss W\*\*DC\*\*K's coming to see the Tragedy of*  
*JANE SHORE, at Jacob's Well Theatre.*

**A**S PEGGY last Night came to visit *Jane Shore*,  
 She chear'd up her Heart with here comes Sister Whore;  
 We never can be such contemptible Things,  
 Who handle the Scepter, and sway even Kings.  
 A Wag, who observ'd how elate was her Pride,  
 Thus whisper'd her Ear, as he tipp'd her aside:  
 Why PEG, dost imagine there ever could be,  
 A Likeness between *Edward's Darling* and thee?  
 No, no, my dear Punk, you're a different Thing,  
 She had but one Lover, and that was a King;  
 The Matron he forc'd, and then plunder'd her Charms;  
 Whilst you PEG invite the whole Town to your Arms.  
 Reception for Hundreds of Customers find,  
 And write o'er your Door, Come; and welcome, Mankind,

To a Count, or a Carman that strips for a Crown,  
 If he shew but the *Shiners* that Moment you're down;  
 If *Jane* lay aside, soon could Majesty right her,  
*Ned's* Cockboat was she, but you the Town Lighter.



## To Two Old MAIDS,

Who were much afraid *what Man could do unto them,*

DEAR LADIES,

**H**OW many Years you've flung away  
 Unblest'd—unblessing—fair Ones say.  
 In Opposition to the Plan,  
 Originally given Man,  
 Tho' then in *Paradise* was he  
 Quite odd he look'd without his she.  
 For *Paradise* if we believe  
 Ne'er made him happy; 'twas his *Eve*;  
 And *Eve* without her loving Mate  
 Had thought the Garden wond'rous blate;  
 They cuddled in some charming Bower,  
 And happy flew each passing Hour;  
 God said, 'encrease and multiply,  
 Won't Ladies be obedient? Why  
 Prudent your Mother was, and gay,  
 And yet she kindly shew'd the Way;



Or you had never blest this Time,  
 Nor I been pester'd thus with Rhyme.  
 Why were the Lillies made so fair,  
 Why does the Rose perfume the Air?  
 Why does the flowing Eglantine  
 His Sweets betwixt the Roses twine?  
 Say, why has Nature made you Fair  
 With comely Face and heavenly Air?  
 Wit that shou'd sparkle all arond,  
 If these are buried under Ground?  
 In vain you wait Mankind's Applause,  
 Unknown to all but Rooks and Daws.  
 Secure from ev'ry mortal Eye  
 But his who at your Feet would die;  
 Or—if you will admit the Rhyme,  
 Gladly redeem your misspent Time.



## The Ninth ODE of HORACE,

Translated into the *Somersetshire* Dialect.

*Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum*

*Soracte* ~~—————~~

**W**HY, rot the Dick! zee Dundry's Peak  
 Lucks like a shuggard Motherin-Cake;  
 The Boughs are ready to tear with Snaw,  
 And the vrawz'd Brucks vorget to flaw.

A zwingen Vrawft! why, make more Vire,  
Faggot on Faggot heap,—doft hire!  
Zens we can't make the Chimbly wider,  
We'll help to make it up with Syder.

The dubble Jugg—dwon't degg thy Head,  
What's all the World whun we be dead;  
Zucks fill the Cup, we'll drownd all Sorrow  
And never thenk about To-morrow.

I'm shower he's right, that lives To-da,  
Woo'l zeng and dance, and kifs and pla;  
We must grow auld, theafe Head grow white  
To Pleasure then a long good Night.

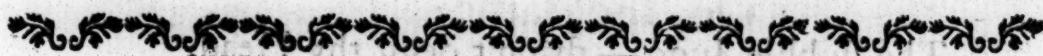
Now Dick's the Time to mind thy Sport,  
And *jovial be the Life that's short*;  
Horfes and Hounds by Da delight  
And SALL can merry meak thy Night.

Whisper the Jead, what SALLY, vlees,  
But her Laf tells thee, where she is;  
In some dark Corner Dick, she'll lurk.  
A Corner fitting for the Wurk.

There will she gee thee all her Charms;  
Thou'lt vind a Welcome to her Arms,  
Perhaps she'll za she'll make a Naiz,  
Don't mind her, Dick, I knaw her Ways.



Struggle she may a little while,  
Seem crass, and vor the World, wont smile ;  
She's all thy own, snatch any Thing —  
And tho' she squeeks, you'll have her Ring,



*In civem insolentem.*

**U**NUS eras, memini, quondam de plebe ; nec alter  
Te minus in tota turgidus urbe fuit.  
Nunc te alium credis, veteremque haud noscis amicum,  
Splendidus in Tyria quod spatiare toga,  
Falleris : hanc et ovis, qua tu nunc veste superbus,  
Ante tulit, nec ad huc est aliud, nisi ovis.

*On a Saucy Citizen.*

**J**ACK you was once, an hearty, honest Fellow,  
That e'er drank JEMMY, or got ever mellow !  
Now strutting in a Coat of Tyrian Dye,  
Don't know your Neighbours, but for Goodfack why ?  
The Ram first wore that very Coat of thine  
Shou'd \* Roger's Cast-off make thee proud, or fine ?

\* The Ram is by the Shepherd so call'd — *etiam, et exinde vetus verbum*  
ROGERARE.

*In Eundem.*

**N**ESCIO an inspexi Narcissi, Posthume, fontem :  
Hoc scio, deliras, Posthume, amore tui.

*Ille tam merito: nam quod male sanus amabat  
Ante quidem id multis causa furoris erat.*

*At tua non paulo est major vesania, qui te,  
Sed sine rivali, Posthume, solus ames.*

On the same.

I Know not, JACK, if ever you did look  
Narcissus like, in the reflecting Book;  
But this I know, that thou wilt never see  
Besides thyself, a Mortal fond of thee!  
Beaut'ous Narcissus had, a lovely Face!  
JACK, come not nigh the Brink, you'll break the Glass  
In your Amour, you're certain of Success,  
No hated Rival e'er will thee caress,  
The more you love your *self*,—we love you *less*.

*In Leonoram.*

PICTA tibi est facies, mendax est lingua, manuque  
Æneas annellus, vitrea gemma nitet,  
Quis tibi vel verum credet, Leonora, loquenti,  
Quando tui nunquam pars caret ulla dolo?

Upon a COMMONER.

WITH painted Face, false Tongue, and Rings  
of Brass,  
Instead of Diamonds, Necklaces of Glass:  
Shou'd thou speak Truth, none will believe it, why?  
Because each Part about thee, is a Lye.



*In Eandem.*

**O**MNIA quod, Leonora, putant te vendere, falsum est;  
Nam faciem, tibi quæ cætera vendit, emis,

Upon the same.

**T**HE Town that says, you *all Things sell*,—must lye,  
For that sweet **FACE**, that *sells* the rest,—you *buy*.

*Ad amicum quendam Poeticum.*

**A**D. cenam sese dixit tuus affore vates.  
Dixit; sed vates dicere falsa, solent.

The Epigram paraps'd.

**Y**OUR Bard *said* here he'd sup, a slippery Blade!  
And only *said*, for lying is his Trade.



To my Grand-Daughter.---An EPIGRAM.

**I**NDULGENT to thy Health, may MARY fair,  
MARY, thy Mother, make thee, her early Care.  
Yes early, e'er the Morning-watch can flee,  
May her Soul pour her Orasons forth for thee!  
Then rising with the Sun, my Pratler lead,  
To *Avon's Banks*, which then shall rival *TWEED*.

There crop the Gold-cups, with thy little Hand,  
 Whilst with dumb Pleasure shall thy PARENT stand,  
 To watch thy tott'ring Steps---then pleasing take  
 The tiny Presents, thy poor Hand can make;  
 But, from thy Hand, these Flowers are valued more,  
 Than GOLD, the wise Man's Gift, was heretofore.  
 What, tho' the Honey-suckle decks thy <sup>b</sup> Mead,  
 And, proudly fragrant, rears her purple Head,  
 Tho' fraught with Honey, yet it cannot be  
 So sweet! nor half, so sweet, my Child, as THEE.

<sup>b</sup> KING'S MEAD, where she daily walks, abounding with trefoil Grass  
 that produces the Honey-suckle.



### On the Multitude of LAWYERS.

I Wonder, WILLIAM, HARRY said;  
 From whence have all these Lawyers Bread?  
 Quoth WILL, I wonder'd at the same,  
 But HARRY, we were both to blame;  
 The more the DOGS, the more the GAME. }

### On a B E A U,

Who took more Care of his HAIR, than his HEAD.

U NHAPPY JACK! Why such a Clatter,  
 About the Outside of thy Platter?  
 Regardless still, how very thin  
 Thy SHALLOW PLATTER's stor'd within.



## The SQUANDERER.

A Spenthrift and a Fool, TOM RAKE,  
 Whose last Green Acre lay at Stake;  
 Attacks a Man, of modest Note;  
 With, *Sir, your Father had this Coat.*  
 The Man reply'd, 'tis very true!  
 And I've my Father's Lands — have you!



## E P I G R A M S.

*Written at BATH.*

To Miss ER \* SK \* NE, at BRISTOL; upon her sur-  
*prising Execution, on the GUITAR.*

O HAD the greatly troubled King,  
 Felt but the Musick of thy String!  
 Whose Sounds, the Frantick can assuage,  
 Then *Saul* had heard away his Rage.  
 You had revers'd th' ungrateful Dart  
 First cur'd, then struck HIM to the Heart.

On the Same.

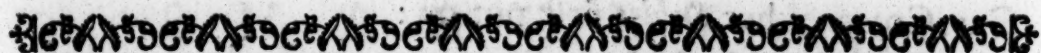
WE are told by the Bards, and Bards by the by  
 Were never yet found, to be caught in a Lye,  
 That *Troy*, which the Ancients did so much admire,  
 Was built by the Notes of *Apollo's* sweet Lyre:

The *Stones* and the *Timber* were seen there in *Races*,  
 And jostled each other, to come to their *Places*.  
 Had <sup>c</sup> CLIO been there she had beat him by far,  
 And his Godship had bow'd, to the *Lady's Guitar* ;  
 His Lyre he had laid at her conquering Feet,  
 Whilst *he* rais'd a House, she had rais'd a whole Street.

Then hasten to BATH for no Mortal alive,  
 Can finish our Circus, but CLIO or <sup>d</sup> CLIVE.

<sup>c</sup> One of the Muses, whose Instrument was the Lute, that is, the Guitar.

<sup>d</sup> It was then reported that the General would finish it.



## On Six Infants that died before their Mother.

**I**F the fond Parents Wish could shackle Fate,  
 And give to rip'ning Life, a longer Date ;  
 Each Child would feel a more extended Woe,  
 And see those Sorrows, which his Sire must know.  
 Then happy they, that meet an early Doom,  
 Secur'd from Griefs amidst the silent Tomb.

On the Mother who died directly after,  
 And was buried in the same Vault.

**V**AIN was this Rage, insatiate Death, of thine !  
 To strip those tender Branches from their Vine :

R



*True, the Tree pines, to see those TENDRILS fled,  
Withers a while, and looks as if 'twere dead:  
Yet with fresh Vigour shall she burst her Tomb,  
And these sweet Branches all around her bloom.*



An EPITAPH on *John Hippisley*, Comedian.

In Droll Heroicks.

WHEN the Stage heard that DEATH had *nailed* poor  
JOHN,

Gay COMEDY her *Sables* first put on:

LAUGHTER look'd glum, quite pouted when HE died;

And MIRTH itself, 'tis odd, sat down and cried:

WIT hung her Blob, ev'n HUMOUR seem'd to mourn,

And sullenly sat mogg'ing o'er his URN.

On poor NED the Lawyer.

Who was cruelly murder'd by the Tongue of his *gentle* Wife.

*An Mors miseretur neminis? Negatur.*

Do you say that Death pity's no Man? 'Tis false.

IF curs'd with a Scold, he's a *Blockhead* that prays  
To lengthen his Plagues, by encreasing his Days,  
His PARTLET soon cackled him down to Death's Door,  
With Pleasure he enter'd—for her Noise was no more:  
When dying she whimper'd,—Oh spare my NED's Life;  
But Death struck in Pity,—he had heard of his Wife.

Here lies  
 What was once, WILLIAM MAYES, Esq; of Gouch Land;  
 And •Geoditian to his Majesty:  
 Whose Skill in the Mathematics,  
 And Uprightness of Heart,  
 Entitled him to set Bounds to his Neighbour's Property.  
 He died, lamented in general;  
 But in particular by his Widow and Children,  
 Who, grateful to his Memory, erected this Stone.

From Death's relentless Hand, say what can save!  
 Since Virtue, here, and Learning, find a Grave!  
 Vain was thy Wife's fond Wish, thy Childrens' Sigh;  
 The Good, the Great, the Brave, but breathe, and die.  
 Ah, what avails! that with a bounteous Hand,  
 Thou cou'dst give Limits to thy Neighbour's Land.  
 Since thy surviving Friends with Tears must see  
 What scanty Bounds Death measures out for thee.

• Land Measurer.

On my much-lov'd Friend, Mr. *Ben. Dobbins*.

Who died a Young Man; yet was the Delight of his Acquaintance, and the Honour of his Country.

THE Parian Tomb with Blushes may express,  
 In lying Lines, th' Unworthy's Worthiness;



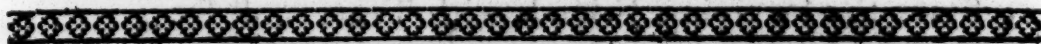
Thy *honest* Stone, shall this sad *Truth* convey,  
The best belov'd, is soonest call'd away !  
Full short, but full of Honour was thy Span,  
Thou tender Husband, and thou worthy Man.



On Mrs. MARY STEPHENS,

Who died June 15, 1757. Aged 85.

ON Nature's Tree, and on a happy Spray,  
Just so, does some rich Fruit, unperish'd play,  
In Seventy-two, a Blossom fair it stood,  
In Fifty-seven, the Fruit was ripe, and good.  
Honour'd with Age, may thy succeeding Shoots  
Be happy in their Blossoms and their Fruits.



On Mrs. ROWLAND,

Who was Happy in her Mind, and Lovely in her Person :  
but died very young.

— *All Flesh is Grass, and the Beauty thereof as the Flower of the Field.*

HAD restless Time, whose Harvest is each Hour,  
Paus'd but a while, and gaz'd upon this Flower :  
In Pity he had turn'd his Scythe away,  
And left it blooming to a distant Day :  
But ruthless he mow'd on, and this, alas !  
Too soon fell with'ring with the common Grass.

On a Young Widow.

**I**F ever Innocence deserv'd a Tear,  
 Stop, gentle Passenger, and drop it here.  
 Here sweetly sleeps, but snatch'd too soon from Life,  
 A Pattern fair, for Maiden, Mother, Wife.  
 May weeping Friends that shall approach this Grave,  
 Those Virtues imitate, Tears cou'd not save.



On a Famous Backsword Player.

For thirty Years remarkable *for* bearing away the Prize from  
 other Countries to his own; for his *Courage*, his *Strength*,  
 his *Presence*, his *Activity*, and his *Honesty*.

READER,  
 Here lies,  
 Unnoticed from the common Clay,  
 THOMAS HUNT,  
 Whose Skill in the Weapons,  
 And matchless Resolution,  
 Shall reflect an Honour to his Posterity.  
 He was Honest, and Brave,  
 But conquer'd, submitted to Nature's Tyrant,  
 May the Twenty-ninth,  
 Aged Fifty.



HAD but his Lot in Life superior been ;  
 Had he, or BATTLES, CAMPS, or SIEGES seen ;  
 His QUARTER-STAFF, had to a TRUNCHEON, turn'd,  
 And some more lofty Verse his *Valour* mourn'd :  
 Proud Pyramids had rais'd him to the Skies,  
 And not this humble Stone said,—HERE HE LIES.



On a Gentleman who collected many Monumental Inscriptions.

**S**OFT by the silent Grave, I, once, did tread,  
 Mus'd on the short Memorials of the Dead :  
 Thou too, perusing this, must lie supine,  
 Whilst others read some EPIGRAPH of thine.





## The Beauty and Force of UNANIMITY,

(For which we are much obliged to Mr. PITT, the kind Father of his Country) is shewn in the two following FABLES.

*Concordia parvæ res crescunt  
Et cara est concordia Fratrum.*

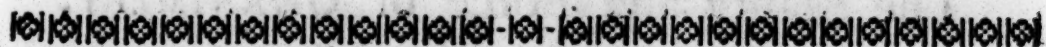
### FABLE I. To the Court.

 N Days of Yore a Grecian Sage,  
About to quit this busy Stage,  
Thought proper, e'er he clos'd his Eyes,  
*To give his Children—This Advice :*

Observe that wheresoe'r you be,  
You'll thrive as long as you agree,  
Union's Effect is plainly seen :  
*George, step and fetch a Faggot in ;  
Come, now snap it across your Knee,  
No, 'tis too strong, you can't, you see !  
They strove, they tugg'd and try'd all round,  
Safe is the Faggot, whilst 'tis bound :  
But loose the Band, then singly pick  
This Oaken Bundle, Stick by Stick ;*



With half the Striving and ado,  
 How easy is it snapp'd in two !  
 Be warn'd my Sons, whate'er's the Weather,  
 Remember that you hang together.



## FABLE II. To the Country.

**F**OUR Bulls, that graz'd the Forest Side,  
 Were by an hungry Lion 'spy'd,  
 Who dreadful yawn'd and writh'd his Tail,  
 But durst not all the four assail :  
 Had he attack'd them all together,  
 They'd whirl'd him, doubtless, who knows whither.  
 But when he caught them, one by one,  
 How easily the Work was done.  
 Wanting their mutual Assistance,  
 Slaughter'd they fell, without Resistance.  
 But we, who know our Union's Good,  
 Defy the *Lions* of the Wood ;  
 Nay, should two come, from *France* or *Spain*,  
 Our *Bulls* would toss them back again.





The Vicar of B R A Y, in *Somersetshire* :

Or, The BATT's Disappointment, written in 1754.

A F A B L E.



N Times of Old, as Poets sing,  
The Beasts had made their Lion, King.  
The Birds the Royal Eagle chose,  
And both resolv'd to come to Blows.

Neither had Justice on their Side—  
What was their Quarrel then?—'Twas Pride.  
Strange, that such honest Things shou'd be  
As restless, and as proud as we!

But so it was; they march'd, they met,  
And in Array the Battle set.

Oh were I vers'd in Epick Song,  
I'd tell how bloody, and how long  
They fought; and each their Heroes paint,  
But my poor Colours are too faint!  
How did the yawning Beast assail  
The Eagle, that wou'd ne'er *turn Tail*.  
The Vulture tore the Unicorn,  
Unmindful of his dreadful Horn.



But tho' I can't describe you that,  
I'll shew the Maxims of the BATT.

This *prudent Batt*, observe, did take  
The just Advantage of his *Make*,  
Which is half *Beast*, and half a *Fowl*,  
Strange Mixture of the *Mouse* and *Owl*.  
For thus thought he, if I am taken,  
By changing Sides, I save my *Bacon*.  
So to the Eagle first he flew,  
With,—“*King of Birds!* my Heart's with you,  
“A truer *Fowl* did never fly,  
“For you I'll conquer, or I'll die!”  
He'll keep his Word, if they succeed,  
*But who will for the Vanquish'd bleed.*

At first the Quadrupeds seem'd beat,  
The *Batt* was plum'd at their Retreat;  
Courage my Bird! they run away:  
Yearly we'll triumph on this Day.  
But on again the *Lion* flies;  
And in each Paw an *Eagle* dies.  
At this the *honest Batt* turn'd Tail,  
And tack'd about again his Sail.  
Swift to the *Lion's* Standard fled,  
And basely to him bow'd his Head.  
Boldly took on as Volunteer,  
But plac'd himself deep in the Rear:  
For Fear the Birds again advance,  
For who can tell how Darts may glance.

His Heart still flutter'd, so tis said,  
As heretofore *Lord Stanley's* did,  
Who was engag'd with either House,  
An Owl just now, and now a Mouse.  
Just were his Fears, the Eagle flies  
To Battle with his fresh Supplies ;  
The fresh Supplies make them retreat,  
And in his Turn the Lion's beat.

The *Batt*, who to avoid the Hands  
Of his deserted, angry Friends,  
The chearful Sun again ne'er sees,  
But skulks in Caves, and hollow Trees;  
Asham'd to shew his Traytor's Head  
'Till *Birds* and *Beasts* are gone to Bed.

The like, may such vile Miscreants do  
Who trim, and change their Sides like you.



## The Fox, the FERRET, and the BATT.

# A F A B L E.

Humbly inscrib'd to three R——— Rabbits.

*Laudis amore tumes? Sunt certa piacula, quæ te  
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

HOR.

Know, there are Rhymes, which fresh and fresh apply'd,  
Will cure the arrant'st \*\*\*\*\* of his Pride. POPE.

POPE.

UNLUCKILY at Dawn of Day,  
Returning from Pursuit of Prey,



A Fox, most wond'rous plump and fat,  
A starv'd, unhappy *Ferret* met.

Why, bless me ! can I trust my Eyes,  
As starting back, shrewd Reynard cries !  
No, no, still staring, can it be ;  
Why, Ferret !—sure it is not thee ?  
If 'tis, do tell me what can mean  
Thy looking thus, quite starv'd and lean.

A Batt, who nigh in querpo fat,  
Lay snug, and heard the whole Debate.  
Intent the *Converse* to improve  
To his own Use, so did not move.

Then blowing up each hollow Side  
With Air ; the bony Vermin cry'd ;  
Bless thee, good Reynard, plump and sleek,  
I've had no Rest this many a Week ;  
Conscience and Care have kept me waking !  
Why Cousin ! I'm in a piteous taking.  
Well may the Vulgar make their Sport  
Of us, poor Drudges of the C——t,  
To see us fawn, and cringe, and bow,  
Now hither run, now thither row :  
To see us ev'ry Motive trying,  
Of Soothing, Canting, Raving, Lying ;  
Persuading all is Good and True  
That C——rs say, or C——rs do.

Slavishly then their Spittle lick;  
 As meanly now jump o'er a Stick.  
 Dog like, to please them, fetch and bring;  
 Change Proteus like, to ev'ry Thing.  
 But what Reward for all this Toil?  
 The Plague we have, and they the Spoil.

Unhappy Vermin! Reynard cry'd,  
 Thy Parts are surely misapply'd;  
 Active and busy thou hast been,  
 So gaunt thou'rt naught but Bone and Skin;  
 So sunk thine Eye, so pale thy Face,  
 Folks cry, a Ghost! and fly the Place:  
 Whilst I, thy Fellow-helper here,  
 Am sleek as Mole, and fat as Bear.

I find that they neglect the Merit  
 Of th'ever restless, rambling Ferret:  
 Pray what's Three Hundred Pounds a Year,  
 For such a Slave as I am here;  
 I wrote a Line the other Day  
 To Mr. Place, with—Sir, I pray  
 Weigh well the Service I have been  
 Expecting to be made a D——n:  
 Instead of that, Confusion! Shame!  
 A Bill of Five and Twenty came.  
 With Rage I wrote the C——r back,  
 It was not that did Ferret lack;  
 No! let them keep so mean a Bribe  
 I came not of so low a Tribe.

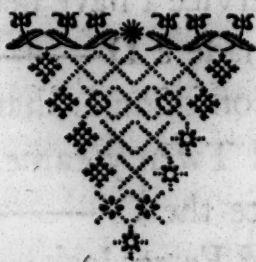


The Fox here cry'd, — well done old Crony!  
And sent him back, d'ye say, the Money?

*Fer.* No! honest Fox, the dee'l a Bit,  
He's *inops mentis, qui respuit*.

*Fox.* Hear, Vermin, hear thy waining Fate,  
And from that Day thy Ruin date:  
Thy Sordidness hath spoil'd thy rising,  
From hence thou'rt hardly worth despising.

The Batt mean Time in lonely Cell,  
Silent attends to what befell;  
Mark'd the old Fox's wiser Rule,  
Blam'd Ferret as a simple Fool:  
Now spreads his Wings, began to fly  
O'er the bleek, barren Down of *Leigh*.  
Resolv'd to quit the rural Shade,  
Pr—b—nd at least, or D——n be made:  
And travel on thro' thin, and thick,  
'Till settl'd in a B—sh—p—ck.





*To the ingenious AUTHOR of a late PAMPHLET,  
most unkindly calculated to injure the Reputation of an  
ingenious, modest Man.*

I F Envy is a Mark of Merit, as it certainly is, the  
Gentleman so ill-naturedly pointed at in that un-  
mannerly Pamphlet, has too much, for the Peace  
of his Enemies. And whilst he is happy in the publick Es-  
teem; neglects with Pity, the poor Author's malicious Trea-  
tise; and coolly refers him to Æsop, for the Cure of his  
Malady.

ABOUT,——how many Years ago  
Tell me, *Chronologers*, you know  
When first, Inanimates did walk?  
Anvils converse, and Sledges talk?  
For in that Time, there liv'd a Greek,  
Who knew right well what each did speak.  
Quite convex was this learned Sage,  
That is, he bent, but not with Age;  
And yet, 'tis thought, he had again,  
Ten Times more Sense, than older Men.  
To do him Justice I'm not able:  
But as a Sample, take this Fable.



## The VIPER and the FILE.

**A** VIPER seeking some Repast,  
 Came to a Blacksmith's Shop at last,  
 Where wrigling up and down a while,  
 He found a *solid cutting* FILE.  
 At this he flew, wou'd eat it up;  
 But, gently, Sir, the FILE cries,—stop.  
 Then with Compassion, kindly said,  
 I wish, my Friend, you'd better Bread:  
 In vain you chew, too plain you see,  
 You hurt your Teeth, you hurt not me.

**I** Believe there has been more Noise made about building this single Bridge at BRISTOL, than there has about erecting both in LONDON. But the grand Thing to be disputed is, whether a Man can throw a Bridge across the *Avon*, without being Master of the Forty-sixth Problem of EUCLID. This, the Cavillers stuck at; ungenerously and unjustly presuming, that Mr. BRIDGES had not made sufficiently, the Mathematicks his Study.

But to set the trifling Contesters right, I make them a Present of the under-written Epigram.

## An EPIGRAM to the Pamphleteer.

**T**ELL me, good Sir, why all this Rout?  
 And why this *Snarling*? What about?

Must he be Conjuror, or Witch,  
 That throws a Bridge across a Ditch?  
 Thy *Wooden Pamphlet* makes me laugh,  
 Who rais'd the beauteous Bridge of *Taff*?  
 An honest, unlearn'd *Cambrian* did,  
 Who ne'er one Page in *EUCLID* read:  
 Yet Ages shall this Building see,  
 When Envy lies intomb'd with thee.



IN Order that the Reader should understand the following Fragment, (for one Part of it is lost) I am oblig'd to premise, that I was happy enough to be educated in the Grammar School in *Bristol*, under Mr. CATCOTT, a Gentleman quite calculated for the Business. For his Capacity was great, and his Labour equal to it. Now, notwithstanding I am well assur'd, every Scholar had Justice done him, I thought my self in a particular Manner oblig'd to him; this Affection and Respect, as I grew up, increas'd, and after my first Trip to *Oxford*, I ran eagerly to visit him; but in the Way, one of my old School-fellows put into my Hand an Advertisement, to this Purpose.——That 'SAMUEL CHANDLER, who was well vers'd in the dead Languages,

T

' This worthy had the Honour of being expell'd *Jesus-College*, and was matriculated by the Name of *Floyd*. In *London*, he chang'd it again, and went by the Name of *Thompson*. Now I would not ill-naturedly reflect on this Gentleman's Family, but from the Anecdotes we have from the *Old Baily*, the Family of the ALIAS's, is a most distinguish'd one.



and with Fluency spoke the living ones, had open'd a Boarding School, on St. *Michael's*-Hill, with every Convenience ;—where he was to do Wonders. Such as making his Pupils write the French, the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Italian, to whose Courts he had been; and in his Way had frugally pick'd up their Language. But the Time in which he was to do it, was as extraordinary, *viz.* in two Years. One wou'd have imagin'd, the improbability of the Thing wou'd have been against him; but the Sons of Traffick, at that Time of Day, little consider'd *that*. For no sooner was his *Academy* (as he call'd it) open'd, than his Beds were full, and my worthy Master's in a Manner empty. This honestly enrag'd me; nor cou'd I rest, 'till with another School-fellow, we met with him in a Coffee-House; where artfully engaging him in a Dispute, in Regard to the Classicks, we found him a meer Quack; upon which I wrote the following Advertisement, to put the Impostor in a proper Light. Now if it does not shew my Wit, it does at least my Gratitude, which I had much rather have conspicuous. As to the Exordium of the Humourous and Bombast Oration of *Walthe van Clutterbank*, if you remember it, the under-written, is a close Copy.

## THE QUACK SCHOOL-MASTER,

In Imitation of the Quack Doctor.

**L**OADEN with Sciences, deep fraught with Arts,  
From fam'd *Eutopia's* very distant Parts,

I the learn'd *Waltbo Didascalo* came,  
 Not for your Silver, or to swell my Name  
 But Pity; 'twas pure Pity brought me here  
 To leaden Mortals, as will hence appear.

Among the Great, my Name did ever shine  
 Doctor *Subtiles* deck'd the sparkling Line,  
 And *Erra-Pater*, Grandfire was of mine.

Twelve Universities adorn'd by me,  
 Will bare my Glory to Posterity.

Twice Two-and-fifty Kingdoms have I seen,  
 Where'er old *Phæbus* travel'd, I have been!

I still pursu'd him, in the self same Town,  
 Where he put up his Chariot, I lay down.

But one more fam'd, he never could display,  
 Or with his rising, or his setting Ray.

If to weak Minds, fresh Vigour you require  
 Here, here's my Box of neat Promethæan Fire;  
 One Grain of this, will make the dullest Cit  
 Disdain his Apron, and start up a Wit.

The Mayor of *Bosnia*, had been long confin'd  
 With a severe Impediment of Mind,

With this my skilful Hand, did I oppose  
 But one half Drachma, to his Worship's Nose,

In half a Moment's Time, or let me die,  
 He thought as fluently as you or I.

Hence, Gentlemen, it plainly does appear  
 The only sovereign Remedy is here.



Not only to gray Heads my Med'cine's due,  
My Box is sov'reign for the Green one too.

When leaden Master *Jackey*,—Wit's Despair,  
Was took from worthy CATCOTT's fruitless Care,  
Renown'd by my Advertisement, I'm fought,  
To me the senseless, dangling Child was brought;  
I praise his Mien; I run each Feature o'er,  
And find such Parts, as ne'er was found before.  
Then *Virgil*, to the gaping Boy I bring,  
Hear, *Jackey*, hear, the Muse of *Mantua* sing;  
But least all Latin should be too severe  
For me to read, or the poor Boy to hear,  
In good Puff-Past, I shew the Walls of *Troy*,  
And \* *Arma, Arma*, cries the eager Boy.  
From Street, to Street, his busy Weapons fly,  
'Till ravaging of *Troy*, destroys the Pye.  
Bless'd Thought; for sure these Lads are finely bred  
Who well digest the Lectures they have read.

The Doctrine of the Globe, is next our Care;  
But least large Spheres should make my Pupils stare,  
I sily introduce a Pair of Balls  
Of the same Paste I made the *trojan* Walls.  
Well lin'd with Apples, as was *Troy* with Men,  
*Jack* smiles, then turns his Head, and smiles again.  
Look ye, quoth I, this butter'd Dumplin here  
Doth fitly represent the shining Sphere.

\* A Knife and Fork.

Where thus the glittering Sugar I display,  
 Remember that's, my Boy, the milky Way.  
 Here stands *Orion*; there's the Dragon's Tail,  
 And where I stick this Fork, the Twins prevail,  
*Jack* says, with Ease he comprehends the Whole,  
 Then learnedly gnaws on, from Pole to Pole,  
 Parts or no Parts, by me these Feats are done;  
*CATCOTT* may teach, but I'll inspire your Son.

Now drink, my Boy, this Bumper of rich Wine,  
 'Twill make thy Judgment, and thy Fancy, shine;  
 One Glass of this, will wind up ev'ry String,  
 More than a Quart of the *Pierian* Spring:  
 Set but a Flaggon of it in the Sun,  
 And ev'ry Muse, from *Helican* will run  
 As Bees to *Hydromel* expos'd, they'll fly  
 From every Quarter of the trackless Sky.  
 'Twill tune thy languid Soul, 'till thou shalt sing  
 Happy *Britannia*, and her happier KING.  
 I'm sure, my Boy, whate'er I say is true,  
 Great's this Invention! and it is as new.  
 For you must know, that in this Cask of mine,  
 The Odes of *Horace*, lie infus'd in Wine!  
 Soon to thy Head, the pregnant Steam shall rise,  
 And thine, like <sup>a</sup> His, shall touch the very Skies.  
 Here, bring me *Ovid* next, that Bard I burn,  
 And into Smoak, his Muse of Fire, I turn.

<sup>a</sup> *Formosus pecoris custos formosior ipse.*  
*Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*

VIRG.  
 HOR.



Down, *Jackey*, down, hang o'er the Smoke thy Head,  
 'Twill make thy Fancy light, that once was dead.  
 The Force of Fumigation's very plain;  
 It clears, it comforts, and assists the Brain.  
 It warms the frigid Moisture of the Skull,  
 And makes that sparkling, which before was dull.

Now gape—and gulp—this won'rous little Pill,  
 It sooth's the Passions, and subdues the Will:  
 It's Oil from <sup>i</sup> EPICETUS coldly drawn,  
 As great a Sage, as some of ours in Lawn.  
 If written in the Volume of thy Fate,  
 That loud, and querulous, shall be thy Mate;  
 Let but her <sup>k</sup>Os Hyoides pass this Pill,  
 Her Clamour ceases, for her Tongue lies still.  
 Old *Socrates* had bless'd it, had he seen  
 The strange Effect, on his loquacious Queen.

My *Juvenal* we'll manage well enough;  
 Here, take one Leaf, and grind it into Snuff.  
 Well manufactur'd, levigated fine,  
 No Leaf-Tobacco beats this Leaf of mine.  
 Acts on the Nerves so strong, you'll sneezing see  
 It beats your Strasburgh, or your fam'd Rapee.  
 Shall like a Sewer, this Cephalic drain,  
 And dry, and healthy, leave thy wat'ry Brain.

<sup>i</sup> A moral Philosopher whose Precepts were contain'd in two Words  
 BEAR and FORBEAR.

<sup>k</sup> The Bone in which the Tongue is inserted and plays, form'd like  
 the Upsilon of the Greeks.



# The MISERIES of W A R.

By Mr. T. S.

*Parumne campis atque Neptune super  
fusum est Britannii Sanguinis.*

HOR.

*Nobis pax Alma veni. ———*

TIBUL.

*Pax optima rerum,*

*Quas homini novisse Datum est ; pax una, triumphis  
Innumeris potior. ———*

SIL. IT.

\*\*\*TILL must the Martial Banner be display'd,  
\* S \* And War profane the Muse's sacred Shade?  
\* \* \* Still the shrill Trumpet's clangor Sound alarms,  
\* \* \* And *Europe*, fir'd by Discord, rush to Arms?  
Thou dire Destroyer, War! whose dreadful Way  
Is mark'd in Blood, Mankind thy sanguine Prey;  
By whom Earth's noblest Empires are defac'd,  
And more than half Creation's Self laid waste:  
Pray'rs, Tears, are vain; gay Youth and silver'd Age  
All fall sad Victims to thy fatal Rage.  
Smote fore by thee in vain the Nations groan  
Their Temples, Tow'rs, and Palaces o'erthrown;  
Nor can the Refuge of the peaceful Grave  
The Dust of Princes from Pollution save:



What tho' the Night has seal'd the Lids of Care  
 And in a short Oblivion lull'd Despair,  
 The glowing Orbs of bursting Bombs display,  
 Trails of bright Horror thro' th' aerial Way,  
 Descending then with big Destruction fall  
 On some devoted City's hapless Wall;  
 The spreading Flames in curling Wreaths aspire,  
 " And Tow'rs and Temples sink in Floods of Fire.  
 Her blooming Youth oppose their dauntless Breast  
 In vain,—they fall by Multitudes oppress'd;  
 Not all the Tears of venerable Age  
 Can stay the haughty Victor's ruthless Rage:  
 Vain is alas! the Virgin's plaintive Pray'r,  
 The *lovely* Spoil but animates the War.——  
 By Thee, O WAR! was *God-like* Troy o'erturn'd,  
 Her Chiefs, her Hector fell, her City burn'd;  
 Condemn'd to drink the bitt'rest Dregs of Fate,  
 Old *Priam* fell amidst his falling State:  
 What Sons at Cannæ sorrowing *Rome* survey'd,  
 By thee, hurl'd headlong to th' eternal Shade?  
 What countless Hosts by Marshal Fury fir'd,  
 Where fell the firm devoted Chief, expir'd?  
 By thee *Britannia* mourns her Heroes slain,  
 Urg'd, ah too virtuous! to th' ensanguin'd Plain,  
 At *Minden's* Field what blooming Warriors fell  
 And bade the World, in Flow'r of Youth, farewell.  
 Accept, ye gen'rous Shades! a tender Tear,  
 (The melting Tribute of a Soul sincere;)

Who not for Fame, or Conquest met the Foe ;  
 Who drew the Sword for Peace, for Peace who bent the Bow :  
 Peace !—Dove-ey'd Pow'r ! in Mercy pitying hear  
 The mourning Widow's, the sad Orphan's Pray'r,  
 With Blessings on thy Wing, from Heav'n descend,  
 " And o'er the World thy Olive Wand extend :  
 Commerce shall flourish THEN, while *India* pours  
 To *Thames*, the Tribute of her wealthy Shores ;  
 Then *Albion's* Sons no more the Sword shall wield,  
 But peaceful till their patrimonial Field,  
 While golden Harvests, nodding o'er the Plain,  
 Shall bless the Labours of the toiling Swain.  
 The Swain, then festive, innocent of Soul,  
 And full of Talk shall drain the social Bowl ;  
 Or, devious wand'ring in the conscious Grove,  
 Tell the soft Tale, and pour his Soul in Love :  
 Science once more shall rear her drooping Head ;  
 The Muse returning, greet the Laurel-Shade ;  
 The Bard shall wake the Lyre, or raise the Song,  
 To sing the Blessings that to thee belong :  
 Oh Peace !—Thy lovely Pow'r, with speedy Wing,  
 Hast'ning from Heav'n, those happy Moments bring.







# MONIMIA to PHILOCLES.

SINCE Language never can describe my Pain,  
 How can I hope to move, when I complain?  
 Yet such is Woman's Frenzy in Distress,  
 We love to plead, tho' hopeless of Success,  
 Perhaps affecting Ignorance, you'll say,  
 From whence these Lines; whose Message to convey?  
 Mock not my Grief, with that feign'd cold Demand,  
 Too well you know, the hapless Writer's Hand.  
 But if you force me, to avow my Shame,  
 Behold them prefac'd with *Monimia's* Name.

Lost to the World, abandon'd and forlorn,  
 Expos'd to Infamy, Reproach, and Scorn.  
 To Mirth and Comfort lost, and all for you,  
 Nay lost perhaps, to your Remembrance too.  
 How hard my Fate, what Refuge can I try?  
 Weary of Life,—and yet afraid to die.

Of Hope, the Wretches last Resource bereft,  
 By Friends, by Kindred, by my Lover left.  
 To these Reflections, each slow waining Day,  
 And each revolving Night, a constant Prey.

Think what I suffer, or ungentle hear  
 What Madness dictates, in my fond Despair.  
 Grudge not this short Relief, too fast it flies,  
 Nor chide that Weakness, I myself despise.  
 For sure one Moment is at least my due,  
 Who sacrific'd her ALL of Life for you.  
 Without a Frown, this Farewel then receive,  
 For 'tis the last my fatal Love shall give.  
 Nor wou'd I this, if Reason cou'd command;  
 But what Restriction reins a Lover's Hand.  
 Nor Prudence, Shame, nor Pride, nor Int'rest sways  
 The Hand implicitly the Heart obeys.  
 Too well this Maxim has my Conduct shown.  
 Too well that Conduct to the World is known:  
 Oft' have I writ, and often to the Flame  
 Condemn'd this after-witness of my Shame.  
 Oft' in my cooler recollecting Thought,  
 Thy Beauties, and my Fondness half forgot.  
 (How short those Intervals of Reason's Aid)  
 Thus, to myself, in Anguish have I said.  
 Thy vain Remonstrance, foolish Maid give o'er,  
 Who acts the Wrong in vain that Wrong deplore.  
 Then sanguine now again, delusive Reign,  
 And form thee Melting, as I tell my Pain!  
 If not of Rock thy flinty Heart was made;  
 Nor Tygers nurs'd thee in some desert Shade;  
 Let me at least, thy cold Compassion prove,  
 That slender Sustenance to greedy Love.



Is Nature so extinguish'd in thy Heart,  
 That not one Spark remains to take my Part!  
 No one repentant Sob, one grateful Sigh,  
 Thy Breast unruffled, and unwet thy Eye!  
 Thou cool Betrayer temperate in Ill,  
 Thou nor Remorse, nor human Thought can feel,  
 Nature has form'd thee of the rougher Kind,  
 And Education has debas'd thy Mind.  
 Born in an Age when Fraud and Guilt prevail,  
 When Justice sleeps, and Int'rest holds the Scale.  
 Thy loose Companions, a licentious Crew,  
 Must to each other, as to us, untrue,  
 Who Chance or Habit fix, but rarely Choice,  
 Not leagu'd in Virtue, but in social Vice:  
 Who indigent of Honour, or of Shame,  
 Glory in Crimes, which others blush to name;  
 But right or wrong disdaining to be mov'd,  
 Unprincip'l'd unloving, and unlov'd.

These are the Leaders of thy blinded Youth,  
 'Twas these Seducers caught thee from the Truth,  
 Whose scurril Jest Solemnities prophane,  
 Or friendship's Band, or *Hymen's* sacred Chain.  
 Morality as Weakness they upbraid,  
 Nor e'en revere Religion's hallow'd Head.  
 Alike they Spurn divine and human Laws,  
 And treat the Honest, like the Christian Cause.

Curse on that Tongue, whose vile pernicious Art  
 Delights the Ear, but to corrupt the Heart :  
 That takes th' Advantage of a chearful Hour,  
 When weak'ned Virtue bends to Nature's Pow'r ;  
 And wou'd the Goodness of the Soul deface  
 To substitute dishonour in its Place.  
 With such you loose the Day with false Delight,  
 In lewd Debauch you revel out the Night.  
 Oh fatal Commerce to MONIMIA's Ease,  
 Their Arguments convince, because they please.  
 Whilst you for Reason, Sophistry admit,  
 A Wander dazled in the Glare of Wit :  
 That gilds the Wrong depreicates the Right,  
 And hurts the Judgment, whilst it feasts the Sight.  
 That in a Prism, to the deluded Eye  
 Each pictur'd Trifle, takes a Rainbow dye.  
 With borrow'd Charms the gaudy Prospect glows  
 But Truth revers'd the faithful Mirror shews.  
 Inverted Scenes, in bright Confusion lie,  
 And Lawns impending shade the nether Sky :  
 No just, no real Images are met,  
 But all the shining Vision is Deceit.

Oft' I revolve in this distracted Mind  
 Each Word, each Look, that spoke my Lover kind,  
 But oh how dear their Memory I pay !  
 What Pleasures past, can present Cares allay ?  
 Of all I love for ever dispossess !  
 Oh what avails to think I once was blest ?



Tho' no Return my warmest Wishes find,  
 Be to the *Wretch*, tho' not the *Mistress* kind.  
 Nor whilst I count my melancholy State,  
 Forget 'twas Love and Thee, that wrought my Fate.  
 Without Restraint, habituated range  
 The Paths of Pleasure, can I bear the Change?  
 Doom'd from this World, unwilling I retire,  
 In Bloom of Life, and warm with young Desire.  
 Instead of Roofs with regal Splendour gay,  
 Condemn'd in lonely Wilds to drag the Day.  
 Where Beasts of Prey, maintain their savage Court,  
 Or human Brutes, the worst of Brutes resort.  
 Yet, yet, this Change I could unsighing see,  
 For none I mourn, but what I find in thee.  
 There center all my Woes, my Heart estrang'd,  
 I weep, my Lover, not my Fortune chang'd.  
 Bless'd with thy Presence, I cou'd all forget,  
 Nor gilded Palaces, in Huts regret.  
 But exil'd thence, superfluous is rest,  
 Each Place the same, my Hell's within my Breast.  
 To Pleasure dead, and living but a Pain,  
 My only Sense, to suffer and complain.

As all my Wrongs distressful I repeat,  
 Say, can thy Pulse in equal Cadence beat?  
 Canst thou know Peace; is Conscience mute within?  
 That upright Delegate of secret Sin?

Hard Disposition of unequal Fate,  
 Mix'd are our Joys, and transient are their Date:  
 Nor can Reflection bring them back again,  
 Yet gives an after Sting to ev'ry Pain.  
 Thy fatal Letters,—Oh immortal Youth!  
 Those perjur'd Pledges of fictitious Truth,  
 Dear as they were, no second Joy afford;  
 My cred'lous Heart once leapt at ev'ry Word.  
 My glowing Bosom throb'd with thick heav'd Sighs,  
 And Floods of Rapture rush'd into my Eyes.  
 When now repeated (for thy Theft was vain)  
 Each treasur'd Syllable my Thoughts retain.  
 Far other Passions rule, and different Care,  
 My Tears are Grief, my Transports are Despair.

Why dost thou mock at Tyes of constant Love?  
 But half the Joy the Faithless ever prove.  
 They only taste the Pleasure they receive,  
 When sure the Noblest is in those that give.  
 Acceptance is the Heaven which Mortals know,  
 But 'tis the Bliss of Angels to bestow.  
 Oh emulate (my Love) that Task Divine,  
 Be thou that Angel,—and that Heaven be mine.  
 Yet, yet relent, yet intercept my Fate:  
 Alas I rave, and sue for new Deceit.  
 First vital Warmth shall to the Dead return,  
 E'er Love extinct shall with new Ardour burn.

O that I dar'd to act a Roman's Part,  
 And stab thy Image in this faithful Heart;



Where rivited to Life, secure you reign  
 A cruel Inmate sharp'ning ev'ry Pain.  
 But Coward-like irresolute I wait  
 Time's tardy Aid, nor dare to rush on Fate :  
 Perhaps may linger to Life's latest Stage,  
 Survive thy Cruelty, and fall by Age.  
 No!—Grief shall swell my Sails, and speed me o'er  
 (Despair my Pilot) to that quiet Shore,  
 Where I can trust, and thou betray no more.

Might I but once again behold those Charms,  
 Might I but breathe my last in those dear Arms ;  
 On that lov'd Face to fix my closing Eye,  
 Permitted, when I might not live, to die.  
 My soften'd Fate I wou'd accuse no more ;  
 But Fate has no such Happiness in Store.

'Tis past, 'tis done, no Gleam of Hope behind,  
 When I can ne'er be False nor thou be Kind.

Why then this Care, 'tis weak, 'tis vain, farewell:  
 At that last Word, what Agonies I feel !  
 I faint, I die — remember I was true—  
 'Tis all I ask——eternally adieu.

F I N I S.



